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The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

VOL. III.—No. 14.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1895.

PRICE 5 CENTS.



JOHN MORLEY.

An Interesting Character Sketch
by T. P. O'Connor.

A BUNDLE OF CONTRADICTIONS.

By education a Tory, by temperament a Whig, by conviction a Radical—such is the description of himself I remember Mr. Morley gave on one occasion. It is a rough-and-ready summing up, and one has to enlarge upon it a good deal in order to understand a singularly complex character; but it is a useful key to the solution of the mystery. In this curious and interesting figure in our political life, you see an internal struggle going forward constantly, and as openly as though his breast were of glass; and thus you find that people of narrow or unsympathetic understandings are constantly passing entirely diverse estimates of him; they see only the one side of the character, and the side which for the moment is predominant.

If Mr. Morley be a bundle of contradictions it is not only due to the diversity of elements that are in every nature except the simplest and most primitive. It is due also to the contradictions of his life and career. Son of a hard working professional man in the grimy town of Blackburn, he doubtless knew early the hard struggle which every worker of that type knows in England. There is a sad French story which tells how a literary man, when he was at the end of his tether, suddenly made a compact with the evil one by which he was able to turn a bit of his brain into gold, and the story proceeds to tell how he took bit after bit until in the end there was nothing left but disease, despair, and death. Very often one sees tragedies of this kind in a country where most professional men have to work till the power of work is gone; where life is expensive and manners uneconomical; where children of promise have to receive costly University education, and where daughters are helpless and expensive. I do not know that Mr. Morley saw much of this in his early days, but if he did not see it in his own home he has known some of the hardships and the carking cares of the writer for bread.

HARDSHIP OF THE LITERARY LIFE.

Picture a man of vivid imagination, of lofty and sternly inflexible purpose, of cast iron and unpopular convictions on fundamental questions of human life—picture all such a man must have passed through in the life of the professional writer! For there is no profession in England which has so much of heart-burning—of disappointed hopes—of apparently never ending struggles, and, even when success comes, of such miserably inadequate rewards. There is only one person I pity more than the litterateur whose bread depends on his continual freshness of brain; and that is the vocalist whom a cold, an accident, a change in health or physique may suddenly reduce from popularity and wealth to poverty and obscurity.

In this harsh school of literature it was that Mr. Morley was raised. And he would be more than human if he did not retain some scars. What of meanness, disillusion, and harshness he learned of the world in that period you can now and then understand when the usually genial smile relaxes, and there comes from the thin lips some words of concentrated sarcasm on human life. But it is remarkable that his nature has been strong and fine enough to retain, after all, the freshness of a strong social faith, and the inflexible honesty of a nature that can do nothing common or mean. And geniality is still so much the dominant note of his character that no man is so universally popular in London society. He has paid no court to London society, and if the truth were known, though he has too broad and catholic a nature for squalid class prejudices, he turns with some impatience now and then from its sentimentalities and false idols to the costermonger, who wonders whether he is going to dispose of fruit, or the cabman that longs to bring home the price of a good supper to his wife and child in his garret. A proof of his popularity is given in a story which a few years ago was well known. Twelve men agreed to write down the name of the man whom they would choose as a companion on a desert island; the overwhelming majority were found to have struck on the name of John Morley.

ENTRY INTO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

It was another paradox of Mr. Morley's life that he entered the House of Commons when he had passed the first flush of manhood. In his study in remote Putney or gazing at the matchless sunset of Brighton, he had written for years on all the great questions of politics and ethics which the world was engaged in debating. Hotly—vehemently—sometimes in a certain rasping irreconcilability of tone, he had written. There are pages on the incidents and figures of the French Revolution, which seem to glow with some of the passion of the men who might at any hour pass from the tribune to the tembril. But the passion and the figures of the study are very different from those of workaday life, and especially from those of the workaday world of the House of Commons. Mr. Morley was, I daresay, for some time, one of the unhappiest new members that even that great assemblage of vaulting ambitions and soured hopes has ever seen. I remember him when he made his first speech of any import-

ance. It was on the subject of Egypt; and he spoke from the second bench below the gangway—from that quarter where the Radical of uncertain allegiance to a composite Ministry used to sit. It was a curious proof of the difference between a fine and sensitive nature and a coarse and common one, to watch the condition of nervousness into which this really great master of written and spoken English appeared at that moment. His lips were so parched that he was scarcely able to articulate, his thin face with its heavy lines, was drawn; and he spoke with painful hesitation. And yet it was a very notable speech; it came from a man who had studied and thought out the question; it was a real contribution to the knowledge and judgment of the House of Commons. Some chattering creature, fresh from the hall of some provincial municipality, would have regarded all these tremors with contempt and amazement.

RELATION TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

It was not long till Mr. Morley learned to see underneath the surface, and to understand the workings of all the mean ambitions, jealousies, and squalid struggles which belong to every representative assembly; and his nature was too straight, too lofty, and too inexperienced not to resent the discovery. And finally came the greatest, perhaps, of all his disillusionments. For years he had been a friend and admirer, and a most active and effective pusher of Mr. Chamberlain. With that curious partnership in friendship which belongs to the literary temperament, he had seen only one side of Mr. Chamberlain—the energy and the resolve to set the wheel of Radicalism going rapidly. Mr. Morley, too, up to this time remote from anything like the world of faction, and conscious of his own defects in readiness and self-confidence, probably exaggerated the intellectual and political capacities of this other man. But the split on Home Rule came. Then Mr. Chamberlain revealed his real self to Mr. Morley for the first time. I think it took Mr. Morley years to get over the discovery.

A PARTICULAR PARLIAMENTARIAN.

But men after awhile get inured to any atmosphere. Mr. Morley has settled down to a very good House of Commons temper and toleration. If he cannot be said yet to have a very enthusiastic love for the House of Commons, he no longer sees only its squalor and its meanness. And he has the best of all reasons for liking the House of Commons—the House of Commons likes him. Some of the very faults that make him less efficient as a fighting man than some of his opponents, make him the more acceptable to the general sense of the House. He carries into political warfare some of the old and incurable ingenuousness and fairness in argument of the literary man. The result is that few men in the House of Commons are so excellent in the work of proposing a legislative measure. It may be a measure which is strongly antagonistic to the sense of the political party opposite. But Mr. Morley, as he unfolds its provisions, simply, candidly, and gently, is never interrupted, is never taunted, is always treated with that consideration and respect which the House of Commons extends to

very few men who are in the front rank of fighting politicians.

ORATORICAL POWERS.

Time and practice have enormously changed Mr. Morley since that day long ago when I saw him make his first speech. Orifices has been in particular useful to him. He is one of the men who require the strong hand of necessity at their back to enable them to do justice to their powers. If a man hold a Ministerial position, he is no longer given any freedom of choice as to whether he shall or shall not speak; any such freedom would have been fatal to Mr. Morley, who probably always sees a great many reasons why he should not speak, and few why he should. But as representative in the Government of the foremost item in their policy, he has had for some years to take an active part in the work of the House of Commons, with the result that he has acquired what is in many respects an excellent House of Commons manner. He is not good for an immediate retort and a slashing speech; his nature is not combative enough for that; the conflict of ideas in which he was engaged most of his life, as well as natural temperament, give him a distaste for what is mere personal encounter. But he states a case and a policy with admirable lucidity—with great force; and above all things, in excellent temper.

His speeches on the platform are in curious contrast with these in the House of Commons. Those, indeed, who have never heard him from a platform, can have little idea of his immense hold over an audience—of the passion and enthusiasm he can produce. In that arena all hesitation disappears; there is complete self-confidence; and the voice, clear, far-reaching, and laden with passion, has a power you never feel in it in the House of Commons. And his speeches, wherever delivered, are wonderful things to read. No speaker of his time has a finer imagination—a more copious command of striking, memorable and eloquent phrases. There is no Englishman, for instance, whose words have produced the effect and the awakening on the Irish question which were produced by the speeches of Mr. Morley in the early days of the great struggle. They had a grasp of current facts, which was wanting in the speeches of Mr. Gladstone; a passion and sincerity which were not to be found in the speeches, brilliant though they were, of Sir William Harcourt—a glow that is lacking to even the very eloquent speeches of Mr. Asquith.

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THE POPES IN HISTORY.

A Discourse by Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax.

THE SAVIOURS OF SOCIAL ORDER.

For more than ten centuries after Christ the social condition of the then known world was not unlike the physical state of the earth in the early days of its formation. Violent and opposing forces were at work, with the natural result of fierce outbreaks causing wide ruin and devastation, followed by intervals of exhaustion, rather than of peace, during which new combinations were effected, and order gradually emerged from chaos. The old pagan civilization was being rapidly dissolved by vice, and swallowed up in its own corruption. Its brutal instincts, however, survived, and offered a stubborn resistance to the hordes of outside barbarians that overran Europe from time to time during ten centuries. Wars, famine and pestilence swept over the face of Europe leaving in their track confusion, turmoil and fear. But in the midst of it all there was always one calm figure erect amid the universal ruin, and who fearlessly set to work after each upheaval to continue the interrupted task of forming into civilized and Christian nations the pagan tribes of Goths, and Huns, and Celts. One commanding personage there was able to stay the devastating march of some wild conqueror, by the subtle moral power that hedged him round, and to bring to some sense of humanity and justice the fiercest barbarian. That person was the Pope, the representative of the one unchanging and undying institution that survived the wreck of the Roman Empire, and successfully weathered the subsequent storms. What grander scene can history offer than that of Leo the Great going forth in the quiet strength of his moral greatness to confront Attila who boasted he was the scourge of God? Flushed with past victories and thirsting for the riches and splendors of Rome, the haughty King who had never yielded to an army was subdued and conquered and turned back by the words of the Pope.

According to historians the darkest hour in Italian civil affairs was towards the close of the Sixth Century. It seemed, indeed, as if no hope remained. But here again the grand figure of a Pope, one to whom even Gibbon awards a meed of praise, emerges from the surrounding darkness bearing light, and hope and security. Gregory the Great, for it is he who comes to the rescue of society, is equal to the crisis. Fortunately we have his many epistles, and from them we can learn something of his prodigious activity. Not only was he sending Apostles to England and safeguarding the interests of religion in remote parts, but he also undertook the duty of providing for the public safety. The Emperor of Constantinople was unable to aid his Western subjects. Pope Gregory, as we learn from his epistles, sent a Governor into Etruria, telling the people to obey him as they would obey the Pope himself; he appoints, also, a Governor of Naples, and wrote to the Bishops to take measures for provisioning and defending their cities. In a word he organized the people, infused hope and courage into their souls, directed with consummate wisdom all their operations and saved society from demoralization and, perhaps, extinction. Well might Ancillon, a non-Catholic historian, say: "When there was no social order the papacy alone perhaps saved Europe from total barbarism."

As is well known Popes were the ones who won for the Italian cities

their civic privileges, and ever strenuously upheld them. The evolution of the modern States of Europe from the social chaos, consequent on the dissolution of the old order was slow and often interrupted. From the Seventh to the Tenth Century, and even later, the only power between the people and their rulers, was that of the Roman Pontiffs. By expostulation, and threats, and even by harsher means when all else had failed, the Popes succeeded in curbing if they did not completely check the tyranny of Emperors and Kings and Barons.

Who has not heard of Gregory VII. or Hildebrand, the noblest, perhaps of the children of men? If you wish to test the scholarship of man or book, find out what he or it has to say about this great Pope. There is no surer touchstone of historic knowledge, and impartiality of judgment, than the career of Gregory VII. The fuming controversialist, and the superficial professor, as well as the fossilized enemy of rational human liberty, invariably denounces him, and with superlative childishness seem to think they have proved him a rascal by calling him Hildebrand. As a fearless champion of justice and morality he stands without a superior, and perhaps even an equal, in the pages of history. This is the verdict of accurate and unbiassed research. He was born in the early years of the Eleventh Century, and passed the days of his young manhood in those iron times when the tide of social and moral evils, the sad accumulation of long years of war and disorder, was at its flood. Abuses of various kinds were rife both in civil and ecclesiastical circles. Certain concessions made by the Popes in former years to civil personages regarding ecclesiastical benefices had been grossly misused to the detriment of religion. The lay power had thrust unworthy men into positions of eminence in the church and society was now reaping the deplorable effects. When Hildebrand became Pope in 1073, he resolved to do what only a Pope could do, viz., to purge and purify society, ecclesiastical as well as civil, by striking first at those culprits who were highest in rank. Stringent laws for the reformation of the clergy were enacted, and carried out with inexorable persistency. Then he attacked the abuses of the civil power; by which, especially in Germany, the laws of the church regulating the bestowal of ecclesiastical benefices were trampled under foot, and the interest of religion sacrificed to unholy usurpation. This, necessarily involved a conflict with the Emperor Henry IV., who had turned a deaf ear to the Pope's remonstrances and admonitions. But a principle was at stake—the good of religion and society, the best interests of civil liberty had to be vindicated, and the brave Pontiff would not shirk the battle. We cannot follow the story in detail; suffice it to say that Gregory persevered; neither difficulties at home, nor the invading armies of Henry could turn him from his purpose. In whatever part of Europe he found abuses he denounced them and took active measures for their extirpation. He reproved Kings and Princes, recalling them to a sense of justice and pointing out the safe road to moral and national greatness. He died, indeed, in exile, but he died victorious. He had freed the church from the usurpation of the State; he had purified the sanctuary, broken the despotism of the iron days, cleansed and reorganized society, and set firm and deep in the popular heart, the principle of, and the love for civil liberty. We are reaping to-day the fruits of his grand, inspiring, unconquerable courage.

It was surely needless at this stage of historic development to spend time in proving the immense benefits con-

ferred on letters, arts and sciences by the Popes. Even the most prejudiced and bitter opponents of the Catholic Church have to admit with Guizot, that the world owes its learning as well as its civilization to them. From the earliest days there were Papal schools, and the office of Papal librarian is almost as old as that of the Pope. All the great universities of Europe, those of Oxford and Cambridge included, owe their foundations, either to the direct act of some Pope, or to his influence with Bishops and Princes. The academic degrees of B.A., M.A., D.D., and others were instituted by Pope Eugenius with the avowed object of stimulating studies. It is easy for us in the peaceful days of this century to cultivate a literary taste, and to sing the praises of education. Such action entails no sacrifice and exacts no self-denial. But to preserve, to develop and to hand down to posterity, through great educational foundations, during a ruder and more warlike age, literary culture required self-renunciation and a real love of learning. Name, if you can, even one modern educationist who deserves to be ranked with the Popes. When the calendar had to be reformed it was a Pope who did it, and it is a curious commentary on the astronomic lore of Englishmen that it took 150 years to enable them to catch up with Rome, or in other words, to adopt the reformed Gregorian calendar.

The acknowledged home and center of the arts has been, and is Rome. Under the protecting care of the Popes, they lived and flourished, when banished from other lands. The many treasures of art of every century, from the Fourth onward, still found in the churches of Rome are an eloquent testimony to the enlightenment and noble mindedness of the Popes of every age.

From this hurried sketch we can see what an important part the Popes have played in history, and how great and enduring have been the benefits conferred by them on humanity. All that we most prize and cherish—letters, art, civilization, liberty, are but the ripened harvest from fields tilled by their incessant toils, and wetted by their sweat and tears, and blood.

Nor has the glory of the Popes departed. Who, to-day, occupies so large a space on the world's stage, and rivets so closely the attention of mankind as Leo XIII.? Like his predecessors he is the foremost in seeking to solve the social problems of the times, and to him the mightiest sovereigns offer the homage of their admiration, and listen with respect to his prudent counsels. The cynicism of learned unbelief, and the materialism of the unreflecting, are gradually melting away by the representative of the old historic moral power, and men are beginning to realize that if any one can find a solution for the vexed social problems of our day it is the aged Pope, a prisoner though he be in his own palace. He will take his place in history with the great ones of his illustrious line.

What reasonable explanation can be given of the facts considered to-night? The Popes claimed and claim still, to be the viceregents of Christ, the supreme spiritual head on earth of a church founded by Christ, and against which the gates of hell should never prevail. If their claim be well-founded it would explain satisfactorily the commanding position they have ever occupied in history. If it be not well founded there is no possible explanation.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physicians. Had they used Hickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH

The Archbishop of Dublin is Hopeful.

UNITY THE ONE THING NECESSARY.

The following letter from the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh deserves the widest attention:

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, DUBLIN,
February 15th, 1895.

To the Editor of the Freeman.

DEAR SIR—I send enclosed a check for £20, my subscription for the present year to the Irish Parliamentary Fund.

I cannot refrain from saying that in sending this subscription I am influenced by a feeling of awakened hopefulness. This feeling, I trust, is shared in by every Irish Nationalist who has read or heard of the result achieved in the good cause of amnesty, in the House of Commons last night, by the combination, now unhappily so rare, of all our Irish Home Ruler representatives into one effective force.

In such a cause, our representatives were, of course, in a minority. A minority is easily voted down. But even already, there are unmistakable signs that the strong vote on the side of the minority has told. English public opinion has been impressed by the united Irish vote. That is a great point gained.

Now has not the time come for some one to make a strong appeal to all our Home Rule representatives? Has not the time come for an appeal to be made to them in the name of the people of Ireland, and for the sake of Ireland, to try to work together—permanently, if it can be, but at all events, as a beginning, and by way of experiment, for the rest of this session—as they worked together last night?

Surely, with a little give and take, a basis of united action, satisfactory to all—for the purpose, at any rate, of an experiment such as I venture to suggest—could without much difficulty be found. For my part, I can conceive of no better ground for common action than that which was constructed for our Irish members by the statesmanship of their great leader, Mr. Parnell, in 1886. What was it that proved to be the chief effective moving force of the policy of Home Rule as a dominant factor in English politics in that year and subsequently? What else was it but the existence of a solidly united Irish Home Rule representation, the whole phalanx moving together for Parliamentary purposes as one man—every member of it bound, on the one hand, to his colleagues, and on the other, to his constituents, "to sit, act and vote" with the united body of his colleagues, or to resign his seat?

Possibly, in view of the present peculiarly delicate and intricate state of affairs, some other ground of action may commend itself to those on the spot as more likely to lead to practically useful results. But this is a matter of detail. The great thing is to have something practical done.

Unity is the one thing necessary—unity of action, and, as far as may be, unity of council. Unity will save the situation and bring victory to the Home Rule cause. Nothing else but unity amongst the champions can save that cause from crashing disaster.

I remain, dear sir, faithfully yours,
WILLIAM J. WALSH,
Archbishop of Dublin.

There is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—a palmaris of acknowledged efficacy. It cures lameness and soreness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and orick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

IRISH LAND BILL.

What It Will Do and How the Evicted Tenants are Regarded.

DESCRIPTION OF ITS PROVISIONS.

The following is a summary of the provisions of Mr. Morley's new Irish Land Bill, as set forth in his speech, introducing the measure, on Monday, March 4th:

THE OWNERSHIP OF IMPROVEMENTS.

At the foundation of the proposals which the Government intend to make to this House is a broad principle of social policy in Ireland, so I will tell the House what it is. The general rule of protecting the tenant in his ownership of improvements in any country is a wise and sound rule. It is wise, and a fortiori wise and sound in a country like Ireland. In Ireland it is absolutely indispensable. I won't open the old controversy whether the landlords in Ireland have been in the habit of making the improvements. I myself have never been able to understand why the Irish landlords should be so irritated when it is stated that they have not. There is a reason which is not in the least dishonorable to them. Three hundred and ninety-six thousand out of the 406,000 holdings in Ireland are under £20 valuation. If the Irish landlords had been millionaires they could not have equipped these 396,000 holdings. But this, at all events, is clear, that no more improvements, broadly speaking, will be made by the landlord. I don't blame them. . . . Therefore, whatever agricultural improvements take place in Ireland henceforth, you have only one man to look to for improvements, and that man is the tenant; and, therefore, what I call the broad principle is this, that as the tenant is the only man to whom you have to look for improvements, and as Ireland is a practically backward country in the matter of agricultural improvements, I say we are bound to do all we can to guarantee to the tenant the full fruits consistent with equity for the labor and energy and money which he expends upon the soil.

NO RENT UPON IMPROVEMENTS.

We propose that neither contract by the tenant nor to claim any compensation for any improvement made by him on quitting his holding nor anything else in the 4th section of the Act of 1870 shall authorize the allowance of any rent for any improvement. We leave the 4th section of the Act of 1870 to perform the function for which it was passed; but otherwise outside of this function we turn this section of the Act of 1870 out of the fair-rent Courts so far as it has had the effect of restricting and limiting the right of tenants to exemption of rent on the fruits of their own industry, and we give them the undoubted results of their own energy. Now I come to the increased letting value.

FIXING FAIR RENTS IN FUTURE.

What we propose to do is this. First, to impose the duty on the Court to ascertain whether any improvement as claimed has been made, and to record such improvement; secondly, that record is to be *prima facie* evidence in the fixing of a fair rent; thirdly, we define what is an "improvement" under the section of the Act; fourthly, we assure adequate and ample indemnification to the tenant for the outlay, his labor and his energy, and we assure him further, as much of the increase of letting value as is produced by and is attributable to his improvement—the Court, of course, is directed by the Act, having regard to the interests of the landlord

and tenant respectively; fifthly, we direct the Court to be mindful of the right of the tenant in the continued occupation of the holding; sixthly, we provide in this clause that the compensation so described shall be definite and tangible, either money or money's worth. That is the effect of this clause. The last point is that the compensation provided to the tenant should be something definite and something tangible, and should be either money or money's worth.

[NEW RENTS EVERY TEN YEARS.]

By the act of 1881 a fair rent once fixed is fixed for fifteen years. It may be remembered that the Commission suggested thirty years, but Parliament in 1881 fixed fifteen years as a fair term. I would call attention to this remarkable fact, that the Act of 1881 had not been six years in operation before it was found that the period was too long. . . . In regard to this statutory term three points arise. First, what is the position of a tenant when the statutory term expires? Does the old judicial term run on, or does the new term apply? We must all agree this moot point should be clearly settled, and that at the end of the statutory term the rent should be as previously fixed, and on the same conditions, until the new rent is fixed according to law. The second point is as to the length of the statutory term. . . . The third point is a rather more difficult question. In connection with the statutory term are you to apply this abridgment of the statutory term to tenants who have already had fair rent fixed for fifteen years, and to allow these tenants to come into Court after ten years? Well, this is a question of equity and policy. At any rate, our position is that if fifteen years are too long for equity and social convenience and that we think that for the future fair rent should be for ten years and no longer, I do not know how you can justify the shutting up of so many tenants who have held their tenancies, say from 1886, in a sort of limbo, and out of a term which Parliament has decided will be expedient. Therefore, we propose to the House that this abridgment of the statutory term shall apply to the present tenants.

FREE TRADE IN FARMS.

Now, I will pass on to the Act of Pre-emption. Under this Act the tenant was allowed to sell his interest, and before selling he gave notice to the landlord, and the landlord could purchase under the Act at a sum to be agreed on, or the Court may decide as to what is the true value—specified value is the correct phrase, and its meaning is that the landlord has called upon the Court to decide what the value of the holding is, in case the tenant should wish to sell. The tenant can please himself whether he will sell under the first section of the Act and give the landlord the right of pre-emption. This fixing of the value is one of the most difficult functions which the Courts have to perform. In Ulster, it should be noted, the tenant has a right to sell in the open market. We regard this right of pre-emption on the part of the landlord as a check to improvement, and, therefore, we propose to repeal so much of the Act of 1881 as gives the landlord the right of pre-emption where the tenant sells his holding.

A CHANCE FOR ONE CLASS OF EVICTED.

The present tenant is a man whose tenancy commences before 1881. Unhappily the number of the future tenants is recruited by newcomers, by whom trouble is being made for the future Government of Ireland. When a tenant is evicted a tenancy is broken with all rights. Ever since the introduction of the famous clause in the seventh section of the Act of 1887, the tenant receives a registered letter that his tenancy is determined, and the result is that he is looked upon as a care-

taker, and if he allows the period of six months to elapse without redeeming, his rights as a present tenant are absolutely at an end, and if he subsequently comes to terms with his landlord a new tenancy is created, but it is, of course, a future tenancy, not a present tenancy. . . . The proposal which I have to make is one which I hope will be considered and not lightly dismissed by gentlemen opposite. It is this: Where the present tenancy has—I am not using a legal word—generated into a future tenancy, and that future tenancy has been in existence for a period of five years, and the tenant has discharged all his liabilities incidental to such tenancy, the holder of it shall be regarded as a present tenant once more, and have all the rights of a present tenant once more. The effect of that change is that the tenant will do his very best during these five years to discharge his obligation, and thus recover lost ground. That is to say, wherever the tenancy has lasted five years before he makes his application he can be restored to his tenancy.

Murat.

In the Campo Santo, or cemetery of the former city of Naples, there is a monument, of profoundly touching interest. It represents an exceptionally handsome man, as a traveler who has studied the Bonapartes and their belongings eloquently describes it, in the full panoply of a hussar officer of the first Empire. His long hair falls in clustering ringlets round a lofty brow. He does not wear moustaches, but luxuriant whiskers curled down to the collar of his uniform. He looks every inch a soldier, and, much more than that, every inch a king. This is the statue of Joachim Murat, grandfather of Prince Achille Murat, whose death awakens these illustrious memories.

He was one of the most gaily dressed of military chiefs. I have carefully noted the magnificent jewelled sabres and daggers and belts that belonged to him, and which are now seen in the Civic Museum of Bologna, to which they were presented by his daughters, the Countess Pepoli, of Bo'ogna, and Countess Rasponia, of Ravenna.

"Here is my destiny," were the words he used when he was brought out to be shot at the spot he had chosen, in the court-yard of the castle of Pizzo, for his execution. He, who had led troops to victory in thirty battles, and faced death undauntedly, obtained permission to give himself the signal for his death. He fixed his eyes on a miniature of his wife in the lid of his watch, and then bade the guard to fire. "At the word of command," says one writer, "only four muskets were fired, and these struck the wall above his head. He made the men re-load, and absolutely stood on a raised stone step that he might afford a better target for their bullets. Thus passed away one of the bravest, silliest men that ever lived."

The National Board of Education in Ireland has petitioned Mr. Morley to extend the aid of government patronage to such schools as, being outside the general system, are yet approved as qualified to general efficiency in teaching. This is designed to bring the Christian Brothers' schools within the application of the grants.

Snipp: "I don't believe you know right from wrong." Pipp: "Yes, I do; you are wrong."

Jack: "What did that horse cost you?" Tom: "It cost me all the respect I ever entertained for the man I bought it from."

A Considerate Parent—"Going to swear off after the holidays, old boy?" "No, don't swear—such a bad example for the children."

Teacher of Physiology: "What ingredient which is highly essential in the composition of the human body does this sugar possess?" Pupils (with one voice): "Sand."



Charles H. Hutchings.

Sick Headache CURED PERMANENTLY BY TAKING Ayer's Pills

"I was troubled a long time with sick headache. . . . I tried many remedies, but none did me any good, until I was cured by . . ."

Began taking Ayer's Pills

that I received permanent benefit. A single box of these pills cured me from the effects of a severe cold, and I was cured of my headache. . . .

Awarded Medal at World's Fair

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the Best.

Stabat Mater Dolorosa.

TRANS. BY H. O. JONES.

Tearful stood she, softly sighing,
Stood the Mother where was dying
On the cross her only Son.
Through her soul sharp pains were darting
Bitter, biting, ever smarting—
This the cruel sword had done.

O how sad, how sore distressed,
Stood she there, the Ever blessed
(Ever blessed in her Child)
While with fear, with sorrow bending,
Of her Son the awful ending
Saw the Virgin Mother mild.

O what man so void of feeling
Could behold Christ's Mother kneeling
In such wretchedness of woe,
And could then refrain from weeping,
While that Mother watch was keeping
Of her Son that perished so.

That our sins might be repented
Saw she Christ, her Son, tormented,
And the scourges undergo;
Saw her One beloved crying,
In His tortures living, dying,
Till the breath of life did go.

In thy breast, O sweetest Mother,
All thy anguish do not smother,
Share thy sorrows all with me;
Cause my heart to glow with yearning,
In the love of Jesus burning,
For in this He pleased will be.

Holy Mother, do this for me,
Let those wounds, I do implore thee,
Be fixed deep within my heart;
Of those pains he bore so meekly,
And for me, though poor and weakly,
Let me share with thee the smart.

At His feet, in true contrition,
Let me wail his sad condition
Every day I here abide;
At the cross, thy company seeking,
Be it ever in my keeping
All thy sorrows to divide.

Of all virgins, Thou, the glory,
Let me feel His bitter story,
And together let us moan;
Let us here that Body cherish
That so sore for me did perish;
Let His torments be my own.

Let me bear these wounds as meekly,
Let me drink the cross as deeply,
For the love of Him, thy Son;
Let my soul with love all glowing
Be to thee its safety owing,
When the judgment is begun.

By the cross let me be warded,
By the death of Christ be guarded,
In His grace forever be;
When at last this body's taken,
Grant me then my soul shall waken
Him and Paradise to see.
Cleveland, Ohio, March 2nd, 1895.

He: "Young Plugleigh is going to the dogs fast." She: "I'm sorry for the dogs."
"The telephone is like a woman: it tells everything it hears." "Yes, that's so. And it's unlike a woman, too; it tells a thing out as it hears it."

TRADES UNIONISM.

How the Church Fostered Labor in the Middle Ages.

THE CHURCH THE FRIEND OF DEMOCRACY.

Long before the missionaries Christianized the Angles and Saxons, and when the natives of Britain found their highest form of delight in drinking ale from the skulls of their enemies, priests of Christ in Italy were banding artificers together in trade unions, the motto of which was, when translated into our tongue, "Work is Worship." This motto was emblazoned upon the banners of the unions when they marched in solemn processions to churches to give thanks for all the blessings of the year. Work did not mean hard, grinding and unremunerative toil under the eyes of taskmasters; it meant a calming, elevating, solemnizing view of the tasks which we find ourselves set in this world to do; it meant that the men who labor truly and diligently in the calling appointed by God, worship Him by work. What a help is this to enable us to appreciate the dignity of labor. What an assistance in calming unsettled thoughts about the conflicts between labor and capital in these degenerate days when multitudes have wandered from the way of light into the way of darkness, doubt and death. The true light of Christianity and the doctrine of the dignity of labor were carried into England by the missionaries, and as the natives were brought into the Church, they were rightly inducted into trade unions, or as they were called in those days, craft guilds. The hours of labor were regulated, scales of wages were fixed, engagements were made by the year; no man was admitted to a guild unless he was found skilful in his trade; apprentices were guarded against temptations to do wrong and comfortably lodged, dressed and fed. Women were not permitted to work at masculine work, for the good reason that the clergy taught that young women must not be unfitted for maternity by hard work, and the incomes of the men were amply sufficient for the support of women who found ample employment in needlework and housewifery tasks. The hours for work were about eight and one-half hours per day, but there were only 254 working days in the year.

At Christmas and Eastertide there was a week's rest for each feast with full pay and gifts, beside. Men were not permitted to work for more than four hours a day at certain unwholesome occupations mentioned in ancient acts. Admission to trade unions was a part of a church service; all the unions owned chapels in which members were married and wherein Requiem Masses were sung for deceased members. Sick and crippled or poverty-stricken members were cared for in magnificent hospitals or homes of the unions. The rate of wages for carpenters, masons, cutlers, leather dressers, armorers, tailors, dyers and silk mercers during the days of the Plantagenets were about forty-five per cent. higher than in England of to-day, and living expenses were about thirty per cent. lower. The taking of interest was forbidden; levies for debt could not be made upon a sick man, nor could any man be arrested for debt in his own house on any day, or in the streets or highways on Sundays or saints' days. Every man who married owned his own house; there were no noisome tenement houses, nor adulterated food or badly-made clothes or furniture; the craft masters inspected everything offered for sale and unfair competition was eliminated. Foreigners were not permitted to import goods

to break down the price of home-made goods. Home Rule prevailed throughout the nation. Education in schools and universities was free.

The Church was democratic and opposed to tyranny of every form. Her sons championed the people and zealously guarded their rights from encroachments of absolutism and aristocracy. The great charter of liberties called the Magna Charta, was wrung from King John by the words of Stephen Langton, the famous Archbishop of Canterbury, who, standing before the high altar of Canterbury Cathedral on Lord's Day in the year when the charter was granted thundered forth that great fundamental doctrine of democracy, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," and on the following day he rode to the plains of Runnymede accompanied by six hundred men and demanded the charter from the unwilling King. It was for the rights of the people that Thomas a Becket fought against tyrants, and because he would not forsake the cause of the people he was murdered at Canterbury. Hardly a martyr to the Church in England whose death may not be traced to his championship of the people—the workingmen. But when in the days of the Tudors the hands of the ungodly were raised to brain the shepherds of the sheepfold, few indeed were the workingmen who contended for the right; they stood by in silence and did nothing to strike for the right, but when the Church was mortally hurt, when the shepherds were dead, when the good laws were repealed by greedy nobles, when the guild houses and treasures were looted, when the heels of tyrants were set on the people's necks and they were crushed with weight of woe, then they remembered the days when the strong arm of the Mother Church was a very present help to guard from danger and doubt.

From the days of the Tudors to the present time the condition of English working classes has been pitiable; they have known hunger and nakedness; their cries have gone unheeded; they have asked for bread and been supplied with stones; the average life of workingmen and women has been shortened by twelve years. Class distinctions have been set up so that they have been used as props in the mud of British materialism to keep the aristocracy from falling apart through moral rotteness. They have been supplied with quack religions, dosed with quack legislation, preached at by quack labor reformers, ignorant of the first principles of right or wrong, and it is manifestly certain that they are now in a position where, if men will tell them something of the glories of England in the Middle Ages, they will return to the ways of the men who lived under the Plantagenets. Let the working classes of England take pattern of the prodigal son who, weary of swine's food, turned his feet toward his father's house.—G. Wilfred Pearce, in the Pilot.

Stabat Mater.

The Stabat Mater of Pergolesi was rendered by the pupils of Loretto Abbey on the afternoon of Thursday, March 25th. His Grace the Archbishop, who has quite recovered from his recent illness, was present, as were His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Vicar General McCann and a number of the city clergy. The hall was well filled by friends of the students and the abbey. Before the main feature of the programme was entered upon the hymn "Holy Redeemer" was sung in chorus, and Miss Carey and Miss LeBel sang respectively Centimari's "O Salutaris" and Mascheroni's "Ave Maria."

The Stabat Mater affords excellent opportunity for the display of the talents of those who took solo parts. There were the Misses LeBel, Chapin, Sackett, Carey, Greenwood and Hanley. No part of the performance except possibly the announcement by his Grace of a holiday on the morrow) was better received by the audience than the chorus "Fate et ardeat orem meum" and the "Amen" chorus, both of which were splendidly rendered.

West Toronto Junction.

The memory of Ireland's Patron Saint was celebrated by a Grand Entertainment held in Kilburn Hall on the 18 inst by the pupils and friends of St. Cecelia's school. Too much praise could not be given Miss Hart (the teacher) for the able manner in which the children acquitted themselves in the different choruses and the production of the tableaux in two parts—Ireland in chains and Ireland free. The programme was a long one including Solo's Duets and Recitations the several artists being repeatedly encored. Miss Kate Girvin captivated the audience by her elocutionary power being repeatedly called back. The Mandolin selection of the Wood's Brothers of Brockton notably the "Wearing of the Green" and the "Irish Washerwoman" almost turned the concert into a ball with their lively strains.

The Duets by Messrs. Mottrom and Gillogly were well received. Oub swinging by Miss Jennie White was an interesting feature of the programme. The singing of the song "You can't play in our yard" by the two little girls—Ellen Mahoney and Lottie Baylan dressed in red stockings and quaint pinafores and sun bonnets was done so well that they had to repeat it. The solos by Mr. M. Mahoney were well received being also encored. A pleasing feature of the entertainment was the song by the boys of the school "Swanee Ribber" and "Kingdom Comin" with black faces, red handkerchiefs on their heads and white blouse bones and tambourines made it seem more like down in Dixie than the 17th, of March. The Chair was occupied by Father Carberry in the early part of the evening but being obliged to leave was afterwards ably filled by Mr. John Hass. The audience was a large and appreciative one composed of all creeds and nationalities who were loud in their praise of this first attempt celebrating St. Patrick's day in this thriving suburb. The following ladies presided at the piano during the evening. Miss M. L. Hart, Miss Birdie Heydon, Miss Maggie Mahony. The proceedings were closed by the school children singing God save Ireland. The proceeds of concert are for the Benefit of St. Cecelia's church fund.

Taking Courtesies for Granted.

Some people seem to possess the idea that gratitude is only called for where some special attention is shown, where the courtesy is one of magnitude, writes Edward W. Bok in the April Ladies Home Journal. Whether it is that we are growing too much accustomed in this country to doing everything on a large scale, or whatever it is, the fact remains that we are altogether too prone to disregard the little courtesies of life as courtesies. The most subtle thought is often shown in the smallest attention. We all know that the greatest pleasures in this life come from the smaller things—not from the larger. Again and again have I seen this remissness on the part of people. A man shows some little attention to a woman, and it goes unnoticed. A young man shows a courtesy to a girl, and it is received as her right. Hospitality is extended, and remains unacknowledged. Letters of congratulation are written, and go unanswered. It is in these smaller things that we are lacking in the true spirit of gratitude. We take them for granted, absolutely forgetting that nothing is ours by right in this world; that whatever comes to us in the way of an attention, be it ever so small, is an attention and comes by favor. I wish that girls particularly might think a little more of this. One hears a great deal of complaint among young men nowadays that girls accept courtesies altogether too much as their due. Our girls should get over this habit of taking things for granted.



Grateful Women Write Us Letters.

From every corner of the country come thankful letters written by those who have been lifted into cheerful, vigorous, healthy strength by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Thousands on thousands of women have been relieved of the nerve-ragging drag of weakness and pain.

They have been made better wives and better mothers by having perfect health restored, and without the humiliating exposure of examinations so generally insisted on by physicians.

The stereotyped treatment by "local applications" is seldom necessary, and there is no reason why modest, sensitive women need submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is of purely vegetable composition and is perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. It exerts a wonderful soothing, healing and strengthening power over woman's delicate organism. It is an invigorating tonic for the whole system, and is almost an infallible specific for the peculiar weaknesses, irregularities and painful derangements of woman.

To these causes may be traced the trouble of tired, nervous, irritable, worn-out women. Careless, easy-going doctors frequently treat their women patients for biliousness, nervousness, dyspepsia, liver or kidney troubles, when the real sickness is in the organs distinctly feminine, and no help can come till they are made perfectly strong and healthy in both structure and function which is brought about in due time, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Prescribed for 30 years by Dr. Pierce.

In every age there are a few men who hold the opinions of another age, past or future.—Charles Roade.

The essence of knowledge is having it, to apply it; and not having it, to confess your ignorance.—Confucius.

THE Montreal Millinery Show Rooms

514 Queen Street West.

EASTER OPENING

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, April 9, 10 and 11, 1895.

MRS. J. ALLEN.

GALLERY BROTHERS, MERCHANT TAILORS.

2165 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

Shirts and Underwear a Specialty.

Ask for BOECKH'S BRUSHES AND BROOMS.

Always Reliable and as Represented.

ROSES, DAHLIAS, CLEMATIS,

And all the Newest and Best of everything that is required to decorate the

Flower Garden or Green-House.

Illustrated Catalogue of Plants and Choice Flower Seeds, free.

WEBSTER BROS., HAMILTON, ONT.

Advertisement for McCAUSLAND & SON, MEMORIAL WINDOWS, TORONTO ONT, MEDALISTS, CH ARCH & SECUR, LONDON ST 186, STAINED GLASS.

SOCIETY HAPPENINGS.

Other Items of Interest in Cities and Towns.

The Forty Hours' at St. Basil's

Rev. L. Brennan, C.S.B., of St. Basil's parish has been for the past few days too ill to be about.

In opening the Devotion of the Forty Hours at St. Basil's on Sunday Rev. Father Mohrady in a short address dwelt upon the sense of our need of Divine favor and secondly upon the assurance that help is to be found. That there is need of special assistance to attain the great end of our lives must be plain to every one. There is none who does not hunger for Divine pity, none but feels the necessity for that infinite compassion of which we know that it has never been denied to him who asks.

At the same time there is scarcely any feature of what is recorded of the life of our Blessed Lord of which we know more than of His love for the weak and the fallen. It is told us that when He preached, publicans and sinners drew nigh unto Him. Wickedness and vice in ordinary affairs shun the face of holiness, but unto Him who was holiness itself the wicked came, so much so that the proud Pharisees reproached Him. The parables He announced are full of the same thought. That of the Good Shepherd, that of the woman who had lost the goat, and above all that of the prodigal son are full of loving pity and compassion for the erring. Mary Magdalen, too, and the women of the temple against whom no man cast the first stone were examples of his loving, forgiving welcome. Even of Judas He asked, "Friend, whereto art thou come."

The devotion is attended by very large numbers.

Hamilton.

Forty Hours Devotion began last Sunday at High Mass in St. Patrick's Church. Bishop Dowling carried the Blessed Sacrament in the procession, after which it was exposed. At vespers Rev. Fr. Kraidt of Niagara Falls, gave the opening sermon, preaching on the "real presence." He conducted the devotions, preaching each night on the Blessed Sacrament.

In the Cathedral the preparatory sermon for Forty Hours Devotion was given on Wednesday night by a Jesuit father. The exposition will be begun with the procession of Friday morning and finish after vespers Sunday evening.

Ottawa.

At a meeting of the old students of the Christian Brothers in this city recently a number of resolutions were moved by gentlemen occupying prominent positions in the professions and business life in which the merits of the Christian Brothers as teachers and highly praised. The resolutions set out the need existing for the supervision of the schools by Bishops and clergy, the superiority of the Brothers as teachers both of religious and secular subjects, and the satisfaction of the meeting that the Brothers have been re-engaged to conduct the schools.

New Brunswick Notes.

BATHURST.

Miss M. V. Burns, of Bathurst a member of leading Catholic family of New Brunswick has been made the subject of an illustration and sketch in Collier's Once a Week as a type of Canadian beauty. The sketch will find approving readers.

ST. JOHN.

St. John the Baptist T. A. Society, Wednesday evening, elected John McGonagle, president; W. J. Price, senior vice-president; Chris. Nichols, junior vice-president; Joseph Fitzpatrick, recording secretary; Chas. McCarthy, corresponding secretary; W. H. Coates, financial secretary; M. Hanratty, treasurer; F. Driecoll, sergeant-at-arms; Very Rev. Monsignor Connolly, V. G. James Murphy and Thos. J. Cosgrove, trustees. Monsignor Connolly is the spiritual director.

The funeral of the late Michael O'Neill, father of Rev. A. O'Neill, took place to-day. Notwithstanding the early hour—9 o'clock—a very large number of persons assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to a worthy citizen, and the procession to the Cathedral was a very lengthy one. Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. T. Casey, assisted by Revs. F. McMurray and A. Robichaud. Interment was in the old Catholic cemetery. Messrs. P. Gleason, Joseph Hayes, Wm. Carleton, Wm. Morrison, John McLaughlin and H. Ryan were the pall-bearers.

FREDERICTON.

Private letters from British Columbia state that E. F. Fialow Alexander, late sub-

dean of the Cathedral, who went west after renouncing the Protestant faith and joining the Catholic church, intends coming in April and that Mrs. Alexander will follow her husband and become a Catholic. It is likely they will locate in Ontario or Quebec.

St. Dunstan's T. A. Society has elected the following officers for the ensuing term: John Toomey, pres.; J. V. Magee, 1st vice-pres.; Chas. McGinn, 2nd vice-pres.; Peter Hughes, rec. sec'y.; John Cain, fin. sec'y.; A. Chapman, treas.; Chas. Campbell, sergt.-at-arms.

The Catholic Children's Aid Society.

Rev. Father Ryan preached at St. Michael's Cathedral last Sunday night on the subject of the Children's Aid Society recently formed in connection with the Roman Catholic Church. He explained to his hearers the purposes of the Gibson Act; the child was the father of the man, and to make good men we must take care of the children. Of any man, Catholic or Protestant, who did a deed for the welfare of mankind, the Catholic Church said: "God bless that man." At the time that the Gibson Act was passed the Church had no society for the aid of neglected children in connection with it, but now one had been formed, supported by the voluntary contributions of Catholics out of their wealth and out of their poverty—mostly out of their poverty. They asked no Government grant in caring for these children; the officers of their society gave their services without remuneration as a voluntary sacrifice. They had their Blantyre Home, just as they had their hospital, in which Protestants and Catholics would be cared for, and he was convinced that the Catholic institutions which lived through the sacrifices and the freely proffered services of their supporters accomplished more with half the money than the organizations which were supported by Government grants and with paid officials.

A. O. H.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

Sir—At a meeting of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Ottawa, held last week the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas—It is conceded on all hands that the saloon is the greatest evil of the day and as such has been condemned by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore which declares that the traffic is one in which Catholics cannot with safety engage.

Whereas—The leaders in the struggle which the American church is waging against the saloon, notably Bishops Ireland and Watterson, have urged on all Catholic organizations the necessity of co-operating in the work as one of their paramount duties.

Whereas—The urgency of this duty was re-echoed by the Catholic prelates of America assembled at the Catholic Columbian congress and subsequently approved by the Papal Delegate, Monsignor Satolli; and

Whereas—We, as faithful children of Holy Church are bound to render her every assistance in our power in her efforts for the social and moral regeneration of her people; therefore, be it

Resolved—That our representatives to the next Provincial and National Conventions of the Order are hereby instructed to initiate such legislation as will prevent the admission hereafter, to the Order, of any person engaged in the liquor traffic and exclude from office such liquor dealers as are at present members of the order.

Resolved—That this Division, No. 1, of the County of Carleton pledge ourselves not to admit hereafter, to membership, any person engaged in the liquor traffic, nor elect to office any now engaged in or who may hereafter engage in such business.

Resolved—That the Secretary shall forward copies of these resolutions to the Register and Catholic Record for publication.

THOS. TROY, B.A., Cor. Sec.

C. M. B. A.

At last meeting of Branch 111 of C.M.B.A. the following resolution of condolence was adopted: Whereas it has pleased an all-wise and all-merciful Providence to call to His eternal rest our dearly beloved pastor and brother Rev. Dean Cassidy, while paying this simple debt of gratitude to his worthy and many sterling qualities as a brother and pastor, we the members of Branch 111, C.M.B.A. hereby extend our sympathy to his sorrowing parents in this their hour of bereavement; further resolved that the charter of Branch be draped for space of one month and we request for this expression of our deep respect for his memory an insertion in the columns of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and a copy sent to his sorrowing parents.

JOHN DONOVAN, Rec. Sec.

Manufacturers Life Insurance Company.

The eighth annual report of the above company appearing elsewhere in this issue is alike gratifying to policy and stock holders. Many of our Catholic institutions which have identified themselves with the Manufacturers Life will peruse this report with pleasure. Increases were made all along the line, in

ARE YOU A JUDGE

Are you a judge of Soap? If you are you will select

ECLIPSE

Soap every time—put up in large and small bars. Order it from your grocer and you will wonder how you ever did without it.

JOHN TAYLOR & Co.
Manufacturers.

new business, in premium income, in reserve, and in surplus or profits. The increased assets of the company amounted to \$147,582.26, of which \$135,319.00 was added to reserve, making a total reserve fund of \$628,421.00. The security for policy holders, inclusive of reserve, now amounts to the handsome figure of \$1,315,000. Application for new business to the amount of \$2,925,507, where received during the year, of which \$2,095,775 was accepted. A handsome dividend was declared to policy holders, and the nature and amount of surplus is such as to warrant the statement that in returns to policy holders the Manufacturers will not be exceeded by any Company, and equalled but by few. The strength, vitality and energy of the Manufacturers has earned for itself the sobriquet of the "Young Giant," and it is worthy of the title. Among the many prominent Catholic institutions doing business with the Manufacturers, who have placed mortgages aggregating over \$20,000.00 with this company, and carry insurance for their repayment, may be mentioned, The Grey Nuns Community, Dominican Order, and Ecclesiastical Corporation of Ottawa, The Order of Carmelite Fathers, and Rev. Father O'Malley, of St. Patrick's church Niagara Falls. The general agent of the company is Mr. Ph. DeGruchy late with the Catholic Review, who will be pleased to correspond with the Rev. clergy, or members of the C. M. B. A., Catholic Foresters, E. B. A. and other societies and quote figures for additional insurance or loans.

COUNTERFEITERS AT WORK.

Health and Life Endangered by Unscrupulous Dealers.

No medicine that is not of more than ordinary merit suffers from imitations or substitutes. The fact that an imitation is offered is one of the strongest proofs of the excellent qualities of the genuine article. The Dr. Williams Medicine Co. is continually trying to impress upon the public the fact that Dr. Williams Pink Pills are only sold in securely sealed boxes, the wrapper around which is printed in red ink and bears the registered trade mark "Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People." Notwithstanding this constant warning there are unscrupulous dealers here and there who defraud the public by selling an imitation pill (also colored pink) either by the dozen, hundred or by the ounce, alleging that they are "just as good," or "just the same" as the genuine Dr. Williams Pink Pills. This is a falsehood and the unscrupulous dealer who offers the imitation knows it, but is more concerned for the extra profit he makes on the imitation than for the health of his unfortunate victim.

Will the public, in their own interest, bear in mind the following facts.—Dr. Williams Pink Pills are never sold by the dozen, hundred, or ounce. If any dealer offers you a pill in this form (no matter whether colored pink or not) he is trying to cheat you and should be avoided.

The formula of Dr. Williams Pink Pills is a secret and is known only to the company. Therefore if some dealer tells you a substitute is "just the same" or "just as good" he is simply trying to deceive you because there is a larger profit for him in selling the imitation.

When you ask for Dr. Williams Pink Pills see that the trade mark is on the wrapper of every package, and do not be persuaded to take anything else, no matter how plausible a story the dealer may tell. Imitations in medicine are always cheap, always worthless and often dangerous, and people who have a care for their health will always refuse them.

Dr. Williams Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail. That's why they are imitated, and that is why you should insist on getting the genuine. Used as a spring medicine Dr. Williams Pink Pills surpass all other medicines. If feeling "out of sorts" give them a trial.

Man Is

perennially interesting to man. Then the clothing man wears must surely be of seasonable concern to most men. We believe we can interest you if you will call and inspect the

NEW SPRING GOODS

in our Order Department. We employ an experienced Cutter, guaranteeing latest style and finest workmanship.

Mahoney's Irish Serge Suits
made to order, from \$18 to \$25.

Genuine Scotch Tweed Suits
(not Canadian imitations.)
made to order, from \$16 to \$25.

TROUSERS made to order in first-class King Street style. From \$2.50 to \$8.00.

CHEYNE & Co.
73 King Street East.
ROBERT CHEYNE, Mgr.

Obituary.
On Friday Mar. 29th 1895 Mrs. Clancy wife of Mr. E. F. Clancy, died at the European Hotel after a brief illness. Mr. and Mrs. Clancy formerly lived in Trenton where many of their relatives still reside, the family being among the pioneers of that district. Six years ago Mr. Clancy and family came to Toronto and since that time by her kind, genial and charitable disposition Mrs. Clancy had endeared herself to a large circle of friends who feel very keenly the blow occasioned by her somewhat sudden demise. Although death occurred after a little less than a week's illness Mrs. Clancy was fortified by the reception of the sacraments which she received most fervently on the day of her death.

ST. ANNE'S IN WINTER.

A Visit to the Shrine at Beauport in the Cold Season.

INCIDENTS OF QUEBEC LIFE.

From *Dominion's Magazine*

Those who have visited Ste. Anne de Beauport during the pilgrimage season could hardly believe how completely the aspect of the village is changed during the winter months. Deep snow stretches like a pall over all the ground and buildings, and the familiar sights and sounds are of the past—and let us hope of the future. No steamboat whistle, announcing the latest arrival of hundreds of devotees, echoes and re-echoes from the wooded Laurentides behind and around the village. No pious pilgrims are seen wending their way along the lengthy wharf, singing psalms and devout canticles, while, with cross and standard bearers preceding them, the doors of the Basilica open wide, and the zealous Redemptorist Fathers, in charge of the shrine, come graciously forward to welcome the pastors with their flocks, who are hastening to throw themselves at the feet of "Good St. Anne." Silent is the voice of the priest leading the people in their cries of "Vive Ste. Anne," and "Good St. Anne pray for us," as they follow in procession her statue, borne aloft on a lovely dais, while the welkin rings to the sound of their joyful cries and hymns. Frozen are the fountains where so many drank of the miraculous water whose healing powers have been so often proved.

The very hostleries themselves have quite a different aspect. In the greater number, many of the rooms and even whole floors are shut off completely; and though "breakfast" may be had for the asking, it is not publicly tendered from the doors by the "dames" as in summer, nor do the accents of the ubiquitous "runners" urge on passing pilgrims the unparalleled advantages of their respective houses. The babble of voices, the lingering crowds, the gazers from the balconies, all have disappeared, and the summer scenes and incidents have, to all appearances, been replaced by the sights and sound of an ordinary Canadian village.

Outside of Lower Canada, who knows what Canadian villages are like in winter? They have been represented and—misrepresented. That they are primitive, no one can deny. In the country parts, Canadians are proverbially conservative, though in the large towns they are losing this characteristic and even in the rural districts a gradual change is working, especially among the young whose avocations take them among the surging populations of large towns and even of other countries. But the spirit still prevailing in our villages is eminently conservative and, thank God, Catholic.

During the winter the houses at Ste. Anne's are deeply snowbound; and though many make paths before their doors, and though the municipalities compel a certain amount of care being bestowed on the roads, locomotion for foot passengers is most difficult, especially for those not to the manner born. The village of St. Anne is more favored than others in this particular, as it lies on the high road from the lower parishes down towards Murray Bay, and consequently the middle of the road becomes beaten hard, very soon after every fall of snow, by the immense number of sleighs that pass along.

Those driven up to Quebec are laden with all sorts of farm produce and frozen provisions; those returning are more lightly weighted with groceries, clothing, and alas! with that dreadful

liquor which is the bane, I might say the curse, of the Canadian inhabitants. The roads are very passable for sleighs driven by one horse or two driven tandem, but they are most inconvenient, if not impassable, for a pair of horses driven abreast.

Among the miseries of winter traveling is the frequency of what are called "recontres" or sleighs meeting. One or both of the sleighs have to infringe on the snow bank heaped on each side of the tract; upsets frequently occur, and the poor horses have to flounder in soft unpacked snow and struggle out as best they can, after being unharnessed. Just around the village of St. Anne these miseries are not to be feared, but the farther one gets from the church the greater is the liability to encounter them.

The St. Lawrence opposite Ste. Anne very rarely freezes entirely over, as there is a great rise and fall of the tide, and the stream in the centre is swift and strong.

Towards shore the ice is lifted and sinks with the tide; while on the flats, or battures as they are locally called, the ice when formed remains strong and firm until the following spring. Towards that season when the snow-roads are breaking up, the battures form a preferable road to the "chemin royal" or King's highway, as it is termed.

Before entering the Basilica, the central and great attraction of Ste. Anne de Beauport, I will say one word as to the climate of St. Anne in winter. It is very cold, especially in January and February, but the air is so dry and exhilarating that it sends the blood flowing swiftly through the veins. The mountain chain of the Laurentides protects the village from the north winds, so that, though in tensely cold, the climate is not so excessive as in Quebec, 21 miles up the river.

The railway does not altogether desert the good folks of St. Anne in winter, but the trains are less frequent. Hitherto there have always been two trains each way daily and a third on Sundays. Tourists who have the necessary strength and spirit of adventure would do well to visit St. Anne's Falls in winter. It is a difficult undertaking, but not an impossible one, as even ladies have succeeded in accomplishing it, and all who have done so are unanimous in proclaiming the fairy-like beauty of the falls amid the frost-work and snowy wreaths that adorn them. Canadian horses seem to have a special gift of getting through snowy roads and overcoming obstacles that would be insurmountable to any other race of equines.

One strange metamorphosis at Ste. Anne, during the winter, is that noticed among the beggars. In the summer, beggars from Quebec and from afar, through the village, exhibiting their wounds and infirmities to the good pilgrims, and, when they can elude the eyes of the Fathers, loudly clamoring for alms. In the winter these gentry vanish, and beggars of the regular Canadian type make their appearance. These are generally men and women who have been compelled to ask charity through loss of property, infirmity, or old age. There is almost a respectability about them, and no one refuses them a meal, a night's lodging, a few coppers. Articles of food are also bestowed on them, and it is for the accommodation of such gifts that the sack is carried on the shoulder.

Nothing can be more different than summer and winter at Ste. Anne's Basilica. The only thing that remains the same is "good St. Anne" herself. Comparatively few pilgrims approach the shrine in winter, yet the saint gives, in proportion, as many proofs in winter as in summer, of her power with God. Wonderful are the miracles which have been made known of bodily cures; but those which are not re-

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corded, miracles of grace, of conversion, and of spiritual healing, are still more numerous and more astounding. If the priest could speak from his confessional he could unfold to us greater wonders than we dream of.

In winter most of the Redemptorist Fathers are absent, preaching retreats and missions, visiting the shanties in Canada and the States, and evangelizing the people in every direction and in every way open to them. However, there are always sufficient of them at the monastery to minister to the spiritual needs of the parishioners, and of such pilgrims as present themselves. The Basilica is open and heated every day for a few hours, so that visitors may be able to fall at the feet of the well-known statue of St. Anne; but all "devotions" are carried on in the Sacristy, which in winter is put to very different uses from in summer.

The numerous priests from all parts of Canada, of the States, of Europe even, who throng there to vest in the sacerdotal garments ere ascending the altar; the eager pilgrims bringing their offerings and demands for prayers, or asking to have their cures inscribed; the applicants for masses of petition or of thanksgiving, and those demanding tapers to be burned before the statue or relics,—the entire press and throng have vanished and gone. Yet not forever, since we fervently hope that ere many months have passed we may once more behold the edifying sights, and listen to the touching sounds which we are accustomed to associate with the Basilica of Ste. Anne de Beauport.

In winter, the sacristy is arranged in a most orderly manner as a chapel, with rows of seats for the faithful and an occasional prie-dieu for the elderly and infirm. Here are held the meetings of the Holy Family Archconfraternity, which in summer take place in the chapel appoise the church.

Here a word needs to be said about that chapel, for frequently it is spoken of and photographed as "the former and correct. It was with the materials of the St. Anne's Church that this chapel was built. The altar was the high altar, and the paintings, statues, and pews are all from the old church; but the old church itself stood sideways to the mountain, and was a much larger structure than the present chapel. Before the entrance was a wooden platform, from which, on occasions of great crowds too numerous to be accommodated in the church, sermons were addressed to the people gathered round.

During the winter months, the embellishment of the church and any necessary repairs or improvements are carried on.

The Fathers are so anxious to do full justice to the Basilica, and to enhance its beauty to the utmost, that probably for many years each winter will have its appointed task. The generosity of St. Anne's clients is remarkable, and each influx of pilgrims will increase the richness of the appointments in the Church. I am

writing of St. Anne in Winter, though it would seem as if eternal summer reigned around the high altar and the statue of St. Anne, so lovely are the flowers from the Fathers' greenhouses, which are ever gracefully grouped around them. The perfume of these flowers is typical of that fragrant incense of prayer which is ever ascending to the holy patroness of the shrine. To her special care, in life and in death, her clients will ever specially commend their souls and bodies as well as those of all who are dear to them. Long reign the good St. Anne!

Mrs. PENNER.

The Women's Globe.

Canadian women are already noted for many graces of person, character and heart, and now they propose showing that they also possess mental powers of a high order, combined with business qualities. They have undertaken to assume charge of an entire issue of the Toronto Daily Globe (for April 18th, next). The regular editorial and reportorial staffs, certainly all the male members thereof, will be displaced for that issue by a staff of ladies who will cover every department of the paper—business, editorial, local and general. The issue will be a very large one, both as to the number of pages and as to circulation and will also be non-political and non-sectarian. The result of this unique undertaking will, we are sure be watched with keenest interest not only by the fair sex of the Dominion but also by the, on this occasion, more curious male element.

"I've been pondering over a very singular thing." "What is it?" "How putting a ring on a woman's third finger should place you under that woman's thumb."

Be true in all words and actions.
Hate idleness and curb all passions.
Alms alone for sin, destroy death and extinguish the flames of eternal fire. St. Leo.

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LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

LETTER XXXIV.

HAMILTON, 18 --

DEAR -- As this is my last letter on the Irish question I shall point out the effect which these wars and persecutions have had on that country.

Some persons say that as all these iniquities and crimes are past so long ago, we should "let the dead Past bury its Dead," and forgive and forget, &c., &c. True, but history repeats itself. They are not all past. Injustice still exists and should be remedied. Yet the persons who give expression to these sentiments are always ready to blame the Irish, and always wondering how it is that Ireland, with such great natural resources and native vigour, is constantly poor and *always discontented*. The answer is that the history of the Past is the master key to whatever problems are puzzling to us in the state of things at the present day. Sir John Davies relates that, "During four centuries the Irish had no protection for their property nor even for their lives; to beat or wound a *native* was not punishable, or even to kill one was not a felony; but the most wicked and mischievous custom was that called coin and livery. The English soldiers kept in Ireland had no pay, but were ordered to take man's meat, horse, meat and money from the inhabitants, so that in one night and day the whole year's labour was eaten up by soldiers. The better classes left the place, and those who had to remain became idle and discontented, expecting only misery."

"Chill penury repressed true courage, And froze the genial current of the soul."

The extortions of coin and livery have been succeeded by enormous taxation and absentee rents and the constant drains upon the poor people which I mentioned before.

An eminent Irish lawyer (*John Philpot Curran*) said, speaking of the Criminal Code:

"Open the statute book at the word Ireland, or the word *penalty*, 'tis equal which, for you can trace Ireland through the statute book as you'd follow a wounded man through a crowd by blood!"

The policy of the penal laws was successful indeed and left its mark on Ireland; most of the historical families have disappeared long ago. John Keogh, a Catholic merchant, the founder of the "Catholic Association," at a public meeting in Fishamble street theatre, Dublin, March 25, 1792, made a speech in which he declared, as a plea for Emancipation, "that there was no longer any reason to fear a claim to the forfeited estates as the descendants of the ancient possessors had sunk into the *dregs of the people*, were laborers in the fields or porters on the quays of Dublin, or beggars in the streets, *unable to read or write*, prove their legitimacy or trace a pedigree."

It is charged that the Irishman is thrifless and ignorant; and he is generally represented, by the popular jestures of the day, with a face like a baboon or gorilla. Poor Paddy is not free from the faults that slavery and misery engender; living in mud cabins, bare-footed and half-clad, starving on potatoes and salt does not conduce to refinement. The railway commission reports of laborers in Tipperary stated: "They go through the fields and gather the wild weeds and boil them with salt and live on them, *often with out even a potato to eat with them*."

"The tyrant's load upon you lies--ye writhe within the dust; Ye fill your mouths with beggar's swill, ye grovel for a crust; Your Lords have set their blood-stained heels upon your abject heads; Yet they are kind--they leave you still their ditches for your beds!"

Victor Hugo's novel, "L'homme qui Rit," reminds me of Ireland's case. The heir of a noble family, while young, was carried away by force and disfigured, to prevent his identity being discovered.

A surgical operation was performed on the unfortunate to make him appear to laugh or grin in a grotesque manner; but the eyes, those mirrors of the soul, silently revealed the depth of sadness in the noble heart. England has taken Ireland by force and by treachery and deformed and disfigured her and her people; England's brand is on her--she is not what she was nor what she ought to be. L'homme qui Rit, the man who laughs; it is with Ireland: *L'homme qui pleure*, "The man who weeps."

In the reign of Queen Anne all rights which not before had been taken from the Catholics were swept away by law. They were reduced to a condition closely resembling the bondage or status of the black slaves in the Southern States of America, excluded from all offices, from Parliament and from the franchise. Education was forbidden. Professor Barlow M.A., Professor of History in Trinity College, in a lecture stated the following:

"One statute prohibited any papist from instructing another papist or a Protestant from instructing a papist; a third statute provided that no papist should be sent out of Ireland to receive instruction. If these three laws had been lapped by a fourth, ordering for execution every papist who did not provide a first class education for his children, the whole edifice would have been beautifully complete and symmetrical."

Three eminent Catholics were permitted to be heard at the bar of the Commons against these laws; and they, with eloquence of head and heart, portrayed in all its gravity and pathos this frightful injustice to the nation, present and future. They were answered by the prime minister that if they suffered penalties the fault was their own; let them *all conform to the religion of the state* and there would be no penalties!

"Come Premier who doubtest, so mild are thy views Whether Bibles or bullets are best for the nation; Who leavest poor Paddy no medium to choose 'Twixt good old Rebellion and new Reformation." --MOORE.

One more fact on education. The Penal Code had left four millions of Irish who could neither read nor write and nearly a million and a half who could read but not write. (From Parliamentary returns, 1840.)

Burke says: "While this restraint of foreign and domestic education was part of a horrible and impious system of servitude, the members were well fitted to the body. To render men patient under a deprivation of all the rights of human nature everything that could give them a knowledge or feeling of those rights was naturally forbidden. To render humanity fit to be insulted, it was fit that it should be degraded." (Edmund Burke's letters on Irish affairs.)

When the religion of the Irish was fiercely repressed and when all Catholic Bishops were banished, and all religious orders, priests, &c., with them, there came from the monasteries established on the continent a succession of priests of Irish blood or birth who were trained as soldiers of Christ. Inspired by the same heroic courage which impelled their brethren to devote their lives to the service of God amongst the hostile Indians of America, "a courage to endure and to obey," they came in disguise to Ireland; they wore the dress and eat the food and suffered the privations and shared the labours of the wretched peasants, to administer the sweet consolations of their holy religion to that persecuted race. Spencer, the poet, writes thus of the "Popish priests" of his time: "They come from Spain, from Rome and Rheims by long toils and dangerous travayling hither, where they know perill of death awaiteth them and no reward or riches is to be found, only to draw to and minister to those people of the Church of Rome" (I omit Spencer's invidious comparison against Protestant parsons.)--Spencer's Ireland, 254.

It was a touching spectacle to see a crowd of ragged peasants on bended

knees under the dripping roof of a cave, with reverence and devotion offering up the sacrifice of the Mass solemnized by a priest who served God at the constant peril of his life--

"Who made the dark Gothomane Of Erin's fate his palace, And first before all others pressed To drain her bitter chalice."

The tithes of the established church were a heavy burden on the peasantry. "A return laid before Parliament showed that (11) eleven Anglican bishops in less than fifty years bequeathed to their families an average of *one hundred and sixty thousand pounds each (£160,000)*, and that in *two thirds* of the parishes there were *no congregations and no school houses*. The parsons were more merciless creditors than even the landed gentry."

"When the Union had lasted 40 years the country laboured under a burthen of paupers, without hope of employment. One million and a half of people were existing mainly on alms, and four millions of people could neither read nor write." (Parliamentary Reports, 1841.)

Mr. Gladstone says the Act of Union *fatally* weakened the personal ties between landlord and tenant by drawing the peers and gentry to London (causing absenteeism); * and to succeed the centuries of *extirpation, conscription and penury*, we ushered in the century of *evictions*.

You will agree with me, I feel assured, when you understand the question that these facts plainly point to the utter incompetence of English legislation to secure prosperity or content in Ireland, and the consequent need of a home parliament to take charge of Irish interests. The past and the present alike demonstrate the necessity of Home Rule for Ireland.

"O pallid serfs, whose groans and prayers have wearied Heaven full long, Look up! There is a Law above beyond all legal wrong; Rise up! The answer to your prayer shall come tornado-borne, And ye shall hold your homesteads dear and ye shall reap the corn." Amen. (Miss Fanny Parnell.)

It is said that the fact of the number of Jews still practising their ancient faith and preserving their ancient literature is an incontrovertible proof of revealed religion as opposed to the fallacies of atheists and infidels. Why should not a similar test apply to the Irish Catholics, who have preserved in all its purity and integrity that Faith taught by St. Patrick in 432, and which has been handed down from generation to generation. There were never any heresies amongst the Irish.

In Holy Scripture it is written: "Those who instruct others unto justice shall shine as stars for eternity, and they shall rule over nations." The prayers of St. Patrick for the Isle of Saints and Martyrs, in which he laboured for over sixty years, have guarded and preserved that faith which "Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair."

O'er all the world no land more true Than our dear Catholic Ireland: Through ages of blood to the "Rock" hath she stood, Firm and true was that suffering Island. O! ne'er may the Cross which St. Patrick placed On her noble brow decay! God bless the dear old Emerald Isle, The gem of the sea! Cushmanachree! PLACIDIA.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1895.

Calendar for the Week.

April 5—The Seven Dolours B.V.M.
6—Blessed Juliana, V.
7—Blessed Herman Joseph.
8—St. Walter, Ab.
9—St. Mary of Egypt.
10—St. Mechilde, V.
11—Maunday Thursday.

A Phase of the Contest.

When the Globe seriously maintains that the Quebec Protestants suffer from an injustice and that the Manitoba Catholics do not, ingenuity and audacity touch the highest point yet. The contrary understanding had become more or less general, but it would seem there is no proposition free from doubt in these days. It may be well to quote a few passages from the official copy of the Privy Council judgment, which, to say the least, give some warrant to those who hold that Manitoba Catholics were badly treated. Thus:

"The future was uncertain. Either Roman Catholics or Protestants might become the preponderating power in the Legislature, and it might under such conditions be impossible for the minority to prevent the creation at the public cost of schools which, though acceptable to the majority, could only be taken advantage of by the minority on the terms of sacrificing their cherished convictions. The change to a Roman Catholic system of public schools would have been regarded with as much distaste by the Protestants of the Province as the change to the unsectarian system was by the Catholics."

And again:

"It is true that the religious exercises prescribed for public schools are not to be distinctively Protestant, for they are to be 'non-sectarian,' and any parent may send his child to them. BUT ALL THIS IS NOT TO THE PURPOSE. As a matter of fact the objection of Roman Catholics to schools such as alone receive State aid under the act of 1890 is conscientious and deeply rooted. If this had not been so, if there had been a system of public education acceptable to Catholics and Protestants alike, the elaborate enactments which have been the subject of so much controversy and consideration would have been unnecessary."

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the last sentence. Such is the condition of affairs in Manitoba. What is the case in Quebec? Fortunately we have the testimony of the chairman of the Protestant Committee of Public Instruction. We quote from his address delivered in Montreal in 1892:

"The problem was therefore a very difficult one as to how the public education of the country was to be carried on. We have, however, I think, solved this difficult problem, and we have found on the part of our Roman Catholic friends a desire to do us justice in all that is reasonable that we could ask from them."

And Sir William Dawson said:

"In the Province of Quebec we get along very well together—French and English alike—and we manage to do so without in the least interfering with each other."

And speaking in Toronto in 1891, Mr. E. I. Roxford said:

"I do not think there could possibly have been brought to your attention more decisive proof of the perfect harmony that prevails between the two nationalities in Quebec than that that Province should be represented at this great conference by one who is neither French nor Roman Catholic."

Bearing these two sets of testimonies in mind, is it possible to overlook the case of Manitoba Catholics because of some few inconveniences which may or may not exist in Quebec?

Was St. Patrick a Protestant?

It is the fashion with the Protestant religious weeklies and with speakers at Irish Protestant celebrations to assert broadly, or at least to hint knowingly, that St. Patrick established pure Christianity, id est, Evangelical Protestantism in Ireland. At a public meeting held in St. Lawrence Hall some years ago the Rev. Dr. Lett, now deceased, maintained that St. Patrick was as good a Protestant as ever lived and that Romanism, as he called it, was introduced into Ireland by King Henry II. at the request and by commission of Pope Adrian IV. The contention of St. Patrick's Protestantism is received as an historical fact by some even among the most learned and sincere of Protestant laymen and clergymen. We append in this article but a few of the many arguments that may be employed in utterly demolishing so untenable a theory as even the possibility of St. Patrick's Protestantism.

The scenes of which St. Patrick was eye witness during his two years sojourn in Rome, previous to his consecration as Bishop, were not calculated to impress him very deeply with love or admiration for the Protestant principle of individual freedom in spirituals, or of private interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures. All historians agree with the Roman calendar as to the year of his reception by Pope Celestine and of his commission to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the far off Western isle, beyond which rolled the unknown and limitless ocean.

In that year, 431, the whole Christian world was disturbed by the blasphemous teachings of Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople. Pope Celestine was appealed to several times by St. Cyril of Alexandria, who represented the possible collapse of the Christian edifice undermined by an impious archbishop denying the Divinity of Christ and the motherhood of his ever blessed mother. Cassien of Marseilles, by order of the Pope, then composed his celebrated treatise on the Incarnation in which it was demonstrated that all heresies such as those of Arius, of Ebion, of Sabellus, of Apollonarius and others, sprang from a misconception of the mystery of the Incarnation, some denying the Divinity of Jesus Christ, others denying His Humanity, others maintaining that he was man only in appearance, and some again denying the hypostatic union of the Divine and human nature in the person of Christ. All these heresies could be destroyed only by proving the virginity of Mary and proclaiming her "the Mother of God." Letters are found

written by the Emperor Theodosius then reigning at Constantinople, imploring Pope Celestine to bring peace to the Empire by his Apostolic authority; the Council of Ephesus is held; all its decrees are confirmed by the Pope, and Nestorius, deprived of his see, is sent into exile to repent of his audacity in setting up his private interpretation of Scripture against the authority of the Church and the decision of its supreme head the Vicar of Christ.

It is not very likely that St. Patrick, who was in the midst of all this agitation and who witnessed its denouement in the overthrow and humiliation of Nestorius, would preach in Ireland "independence of Papal authority," which is the very foundation of Protestantism. Neither can we, by any stretch of the imagination, conceive the possibility of St. Patrick inculcating anything short of the most loving veneration and devotional cult of the Blessed Virgin Mary, whose praises as the destroyer of all errors and heresies in the whole world were eloquently proclaimed before the Christian world in the Council of Ephesus. St. Patrick was in Rome when the acclamations of joy and triumph heard in Ephesus were taken up in Rome and continued on in every Christian city and hamlet, because all prerogatives of Mary were upheld and henceforth it would be an impiety to refuse her the title of Mother of God.

Historians exist and learned authors who account for the steadfast, unwavering attachment to Catholic Faith of the Irish people by saying that St. Patrick impressed deeply in their hearts the two great Catholic principles of unflinching loyalty to the Vicar of Christ and of tender, loving devotion to the Mother of God.

Another reason for the perpetuation of Catholic Faith in Ireland was St. Patrick's doctrine of prayer for the dead. This is attested by the ordinances of the most ancient Irish synods, in which oblations prayers and sacrifices for the dead are frequently mentioned, as evidently being the practice frequent and loving of the people. As Father Tom Burke says—they were not unmindful of the dead "like others who have no hope." The ancient cemeteries and hoary ruins, covered with moss or clad in ivy, that may be seen even to day in all parts of Ireland, bear testimony to the devotion which our most remote ancestors entertained for departed friends and relatives whose soul the passer-by is requested to remember and to pray for.

If praying for the dead, honoring Mary, saluting her as Gabriel did and asking her assistance, if unswerving loyalty to Papal authority and to the person of Christ's Vicar on earth be Protestant doctrines then indeed St. Patrick may be claimed as the author and finisher of Protestantism.

His teachings have had the effect of preserving the whole Irish race and nation from the general wreck and apostacy that characterized all the surrounding countries of the North during the social cataclysm brought on by the so-called Reformation of the 16th century.

Bait.

Irish Catholics are especially willing to give Rev. Dr. Burns of Hamilton a hearing, because of his noteworthy services and liberal views in the matter of Home Rule. When, therefore, Rev. Dr. Burns says in his recent letter, "some of the best Roman Catholic educators in Ontario have taught in our public schools—men like Prof. Teefy and Dr. O'Hagan," there is a natural inclination to relax and think that possibly the situation in Ontario is not so bad after all.

But there is an unpleasant side to the picture. The "Prof." Teefy referred to is the Rev. J. R. Teefy, Superior of St. Michael's College. Any one who may choose to do so can obtain from the Public Reference Library a copy of the report of a special committee appointed by the Ontario Government some years ago. From the evidence it becomes apparent that although Mr. Teefy, who had not then entered the priesthood, was one of the most capable and efficient teachers in the Province he was unable to secure recognition because, as Mr. McLellan put it, of certain prejudices that existed against him among members of school boards. He had the financial misfortune to be a Catholic.

There are few enough avenues of success for Catholic young men and women as it is. The prospect of looking to the tender mercy of Protestant school boards is not an alluring one.

A Quebec View.

The French journals of Quebec are very emphatic in their determination to have the schools question settled at once. La Verite says: "For all those who favor justice there is but one thing to do; put aside all party feeling, all secondary interests, and generously help the present Government to complete the work of reparation so well commenced. We warn all our friends, Liberal or Conservative, not to oppose the Government in its work of reparation, in case the Manitoba Government should refuse to do justice to the minority. We warn them that if they allow themselves to be so blinded by the spirit of party and greed for office as to vote against justice being done where grievances are acknowledged to exist that a free and independent opinion, which begins to count for something in this Province, will turn directly and resolutely against them. If the Government, instead of calling the members to Ottawa, had dissolved Parliament, as it was at first mooted, we might be led to entertain doubts as to its sincerity. But," continues La Verite, "it is our candid opinion that the calling together of Parliament is proof sufficient that the Government means business. In any case it can not escape us. If it allows the session to pass by without fulfilling its engagement and enforcing its command it will be time to pronounce its condemnation. Meanwhile, as duty compels, we approve its action so far, and we shall do all in our power to help on the policy of justice and reparation."

The Pope has sent to an Austrian Cardinal a protest against the anti Jesuit agitation which has become more or less general all over Europe.

A New Mood With the Jesuits.

On the 25th of March, the feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a meeting of the Protestant Ministerial Association of Montreal is reported to have been held in that city.

At the meeting, according to the report, a certain Rev. W. T. Graham read a paper which, by resolution of the Association, was ordered to be published. If the rev. gentleman's address be correctly reported, it is certainly one of the most unique documents that has been given to the country of late years. The chief feature of the production of this rev. gentleman, who apparently is recognized by the Association to be a Christian Minister, is the virulent attack made upon the Jesuits, of whom he recommends, first, that they should be "expelled from the country," or (secondly, as an alternative), "saved by the Gospel." Not satisfied with this somewhat moderate step towards Christian reform, he desires a more sweeping innovation in the way of having, by the power of the Gospel, "the shackles of Rome broken," and then as a happy result of such a Christian like victory "the slaves of ignorance and oppression" (meaning, evidently, the Catholics of the Province of Quebec), "shall march forth free men of the Lord." There is a bare vestige, at least, of charity about the rev. reader of the aforementioned paper, because he suggests that the Jesuits, or rather "Jesuitism," which means the same thing, should be destroyed "by saving them through the promulgation of the Word of God" and he actually goes so far as to say "it is unkind to denounce them because their work and influence in this country are largely an outcome of our carelessness concerning their salvation." There is a ring of fairness in this admission, and the acknowledgment that the rev. gentleman, and those allied with him, are partly to blame on account of their remissness in not having shed the light of the Gospel upon those benighted Jesuits, suggests an extenuating circumstance which may redound to the advantage of the latter, and be pleaded as a bar against their expulsion. The Jesuits should be grateful to the rev. gentleman for suggesting this loophole of escape, but it is to be feared that such a plea would not avail them because they have been promulgating the Word of God all their lives. When the Jesuits shall have been drawn out of the country or "saved by the Gospel," and "the shackles of Rome broken," then, as the rev. gentleman puts it in his grand peroration, which undoubtedly must have been greeted with the plaudits of his hearers, "then will this Province, along with the Sister Provinces march triumphantly toward that high and noble destiny which God has placed before our proud and glorious Dominion."

In all kindness towards this gentleman who does not hesitate to make use of the name of his Maker and of the Holy Scriptures, in order to establish the basis of an unjustifiable attack upon the exemplary disciples of St. Ignatius, and to disguise his ill-concealed malice and hatred of

Our Holy Father the Pope, and the millions of devout Catholics—loyal subjects of Her Majesty the Queen in this Dominion, it is suggested that he might with much profit to himself seek some lessons in humility, meekness, and Christian charity at the hands of some one of these hated Jesuits, of whose ministrations he is apparently in total and culpable ignorance. Should he do so he would undoubtedly gain some enlightenment as to the true spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He would learn that elementary lesson so essential to one who professes to be a Christian minister, "Peace and good-will to all men." How marked is the contrast between his paper, promulgated by his colleagues of the Ministerial Association, and the action of Viscount Halifax, President of the English Church Union in England, an association composed of 30 bishops and 3,000 Anglican clergymen. The Viscount in his interview with the Pope asked His Holiness "to send a tender and gracious message to the Anglicans in his forthcoming encyclical." The Rev. Mr. Graham, though proficient in the art of catering to the prejudices of those to whom his deliverance was addressed, has much to learn ere he becomes imbued with the true spirit of the Gospel which he so flippantly mentions as the mandate of his gross tirade against the Catholics of this country and their revered clergy.

The Order of Events.

We have been asked what may happen should the Legislature of Manitoba refuse to comply with the request of the Governor-General in Council in regard to re-establishing the Separate Schools and restoring to the minority all the privileges it enjoyed previous to 1890. Our opinion is that the Federal Cabinet is now so committed to remedial action that it can not recede from the position it has assumed; and that it owes it to its own dignity and constitutional prerogatives to enforce its wishes by an act of the Dominion Parliament in the Commons assembled at Ottawa. It is much to be hoped for, however, that no such Dominion interference in Provincial legislation will be necessary, and that better counsels will prevail in the sister Province. But the Imperial Court, the highest in the State, has decreed that a grievance exists and that our Dominion Government has a right to remedy that grievance. The first step has been taken as laid down in the organic law. The Provincial Legislature of Manitoba has been advised of the necessity of remedying the grievances inflicted by its own act. The next step must be taken, if after having been advised and directed how to establish peace and good-will among all her Majesty's subjects, the Manitoba authorities show defiance of Imperial ruling. That step must be a vote in the Dominion Legislature as to the necessity and power of enforcing its demand.

A distinguished Irish Passionist passed away recently in the person of Father Raymond. Deceased had just passed his golden jubilee anniversary. He went to Ireland in 1850.

A Catholic Party.

One of the foremost features of the political history of Germany since 1870 has been the work of the Centre or Catholic party. Called into existence by a system of repressive laws directed against Catholics, it has gone on in its work, holding the balance of power at critical times until at last even the most irritating of the enactments under which Catholic Germans suffered, have been repealed. The act permitting the return of the Jesuits has passed at least one of the legislative bodies.

The spectacle thus presented of the power of men struggling constantly and successfully in a good cause has not been lost upon observing peoples. Events have made the Catholics of Hungary look to their own power to ensure respect to their religion and a movement has already well begun to organize a Catholic People's party there.

As in France, the Government in Hungary has gradually drifted into the hands of infidels and Jews. Certain recent measures have shown the Catholic population the duty that devolves upon them of taking a more active part in the business of the country. The movement, which will soon, no doubt, result in the overthrow of the secularists, has derived a great impetus from a letter addressed to one of the Bishops by Leo XIII., in which the Pope urges upon all the responsibilities of citizenship. As the most potent factor in so great a task, His Holiness advises the immediate organization of an enlightened Catholic press.

A Good Sign.

"Heaven preserve education from politics" is the prayer of Mr. Goldwin Smith, whose interest in real education will not lightly be questioned. It looks as though in the present case the two had become inextricably entangled. It is gratifying to know, however, that in Manitoba politics, at least, the side of right is not without an advocate. In a recent issue the Winnipeg Nor'-Wester said:

"Now that the crisis has come, let us not disguise the truth from ourselves. The Nor'-Wester has roared to serve—no religious clique to satisfy—but in the name of the truth and justice which have been violated by selfish men for selfish ends, it calls upon the people of Manitoba to right the wrong that has been perpetrated upon the Roman Catholic minority. What we have constantly advocated, we now advocate—and that is that the Province itself shall remedy its own errors. Let us not endure the further humiliation of seeing our Provincial legislation overridden by an act of the Dominion legislature at the instigation of the Imperial Privy Council."

Herein lies the complete and acceptable solution of the difficulty. This is the view we have been waiting for Manitoba to take.

In Paris the special Lenten devotions have not been without their disadvantages. In one church an anarchist stood up to answer the preacher and had to be ejected by a band of young men. At another the congregation listened to a sermon on faith and reason while a crowd outside were hooting the preacher for alleged pro-British sympathies.

The Feast of Palms.

For the Register.

A Star has risen in Judah; a Shepherd to lead His people:
Flower of the root of Jesse; a sceptre in Israel:
Corner-stone of Zion; Dew from the Heavens;
Christ, Anointed, the Just One, Emmanuel,
Messiah;
Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord for ever.

City of David awake, arise from the dust of ages.
Long hast thou wept like Rachel, and there was no Comforter:
Crouched 'neath the Roman's scourge, the lash of his victors;
Cursed his eagles that flashed over Temple and rampart,
Fell on his spears again till each gate was a shambles,
Fled in despair at last from the whirlwind of his legions.

This the day and the hour so long foretold by thy Prophets;
This the glory of Zion, sung by thy Psalmists;
This thy Patriarch's dream—their mystical vision
Seen in the evening of life as the sun flings a shadow before it.

Joy! O Jerusalem, Joy! thy glory hath risen upon thee,
The vision is clear to thine eyes, the Prophecy founded,
He that Commandeth the winds and the waves of the ocean,
Saith to the dead "Come forth," and they straightway answer:
Restoreth sight to the blind and health the leper,
Feedeth famishing thousands with multiple blessing
Washeth the sins of men and casteth out devils:
Lo! He cometh at last. Behold the Desired of Nations!

Give Him a Prince's greeting, Lion of the Fold of Judah!
More than a Roman welcome ye sons of Jacob!
Strew His pathway with Palms and herald His advent.
Crown Him King of the Jews, and thunder Him your Hosannas.

Then once more to the gates, to the walls of the Holy City.
Up from their lashes and stripes, the heel of oppressors,
Down with eagles and spears, with panoplied cohorts,
Gods and goddesses all into utter confusion
Rise in the Roman's face, and as David, Goliath,
Strike in the name of the Lord, Jehovah God of Sabaoth.

—WILLIAM DOLLARD.

In Anticipation.

For the Register.

How throbs and quickens all the tepid earth
Till now in slumber's bondage numbed and bound
Since Autumn's mournful measures breathed around
And lulled the music of the summer's mirth,
As trills the youthful heart when love seeks birth.
So languid nature from afar has found
The spell a nearing presence throws around,
And roused herself in homage to its worth.

New robes of beauty shall adorn her form,
And matchless jewels shine upon her breast:
Her brightest smile the hearts of men shall warm
When thou hast come, oh spring! to be her guest.
We hail thy coming from the Southern lands!
Thrice welcome! after winter's icy bands.
—Rose Ferguson.

The late King Lobengula's sons have been visiting Cecil Rhodes at Cape Town. They are not promising youngsters: being averse to work or instruction, and much under the influence of their misfit divine right.

The first etching done by Whistler was a series of maps for the United States Coast Survey. They were not published, as the artist and authorities differed as to how a tree ought to be represented in a map.

Mr. Dickens, lawyer, son of the famous novelist, was counsel recently in a case before a London court, in which the firm of Dombey & Sons was interested. In mentioning the name Mr. Dickens blushed and called firm "Dombey & Son—in the city."

Senior Mendonca, the Brazilian Minister at Washington, has the Napoleon craze, though it dates back long before the present fad. He possesses articles of furniture used by the Emperor, his snuff-box and various household belongings, some ornamented with the imperial bees and others with the letter "N."

Belles Demoiselles Plantation.

— BY —

G. W. CABLE.

A cloud, but not a dark one, overshadowed the spirits of Belles Demoiselles' Plantation. The old master, whose beaming presence had always made him a shining Saturn, spinning and sparkling within the bright circle of his daughters, fell into musing fits, started out of frowning reveries, walked often by himself, and heard business from his overseer fretfully.

No wonder. The daughters knew his closeness in trade, and attributed to it his failure to negotiate for the Old Castle buildings—so to call them. They began to depreciate Belles Demoiselles. If a north wind blew, it was too cold to ride. If a shower had fallen, it was too muddy to drive. In the morning the garden was wet. In the evening the grasshopper was a burden. Ennui was turned into capital; every headache was interpreted a premonition of ague; and when the native exuberance of a flock of ladies without a want or a care burst out in laughter in the father's face, they spread their French eyes, rolled up their little hands, and with rigid wrists and mock vehemence vowed and vowed again that they only laughed at their misery, and should pine to death unless they could move to the sweet city. "O! the theatre! O! Orleans Street! O! the masquerade! the Place d'Armes! the ball!" and they would call upon Heaven with French irreverence, and fall into each other's arms, and whirl down the hall singing a waltz, and with a grand collision and fall, and their eyes streaming merriment, lay the blame on the slippery floor, that would some day be the death of the whole seven.

Three times more the fond father, thus goaded, managed, by accident—business accident—to see old Charlie and increase his offer; but in vain. He finally went to him formally.

"Eh!" said the deaf and distant relative. "For what you want him, eh? Why you don't stay where you halways be 'appy? Dis is a blame old rat hole—good for old Injin Charlie—da's all. Why you don't stay where you be halways 'appy? Why you don't buy somewheres else?"

"That's none of your business," snapped the planter. Truth was, his reasons were unsatisfactory even to himself.

A sullen silence followed. Then Charlie spoke.

"Well, now, look here; I sell you old Charlie's house."

"Hien! and the whole block," said the Colonel.

"Hold on," said Charlie. "I sell de 'ouse and de block. Den I go and git drunk, and go to sleep; de der' comes along and says, 'Charlie! old Charlie, you blame low-down old dog, wake up! What you doin' here? Where's de 'ouse what Monsieur le Compte give your grace gran'-muzzee? Don't you see dat fine gentyman, De Charles, done gone and tore him down and make him over new, you blame old fool, Charlie, you low-down old Injin dog!'"

"I'll give you forty thousand dollars."

"For de 'ouse!"

"For all."

The deaf man shook his head.

"Forty-five!" said the Colonel.

"What a lie! For what you tell me 'what a lie!' I don't tell you no lie."

"Non, non! I give you forty-five!" shouted the Colonel.

Charlie shook his head again.

"Fifty!"

He shook it again.

The figures rose and rose to—

"Seventy-five!"

The answer was an invitation to go away and let the owner alone, as he

was, in certain specified respects, the vilest of living creatures, and no company for a fine gentyman.

The "fine gentyman" longed to blaspheme—but before old Charlie!—in the name of pride, how could he? He mounted and started away.

"Tell you what I'll make wid you," said Charlie.

The other, guessing aright, turned back without dismounting, smiling.

"How much Belles Demoiselles does me now?" asked the deaf one.

"One hundred and eighty thousand dollars," said the Colonel, firmly.

"Yass," said Charlie. "I don't want Belles Demoiselles."

The old Colonel's quiet laugh intimated it made no difference either way.

"But me," continued Charlie, "me—I'm got le Compte De Charleu's blood in me, any'ow—a litt' bit, any'ow, ain't it?"

The Colonel nodded that it was.

"Hien! If I go out of dis place and don't go to Belles Demoiselles, de peoples will say—day will say, 'Old Charlie he been all doze time tell a blame lie! He aint no kin to his grace gran'-muzzee, not a blame bit! He don't got nary drop of De Charleu blood to save his blame low-down old Injin soul!' No, sars! My place for yours!"

He turned to go into the house, just too soon to see the Colonel make an ugly whisk at him with his riding-whip. Then the Colonel, too, moved off.

Two or three times over, as he ambled homeward, laughter broke through his annoyance, as he recalled old Charlie's family pride and the presumption of his offer. Yet each time he could but think better of—not the offer to swap, but the preposterous ancestral loyalty. It was so much better than he could have expected from his "low-down" relative, and not unlike his own whim withal—the proposition which went with it was forgiven.

This last defeat bore so harshly on the master of Belles Demoiselles, that the daughters, reading chagrin in his face, began to repent. They loved their father as daughters can, and when they saw their pretended dejection harassing him seriously they restrained their complaints, displayed more than ordinary tenderness, and heroically and ostentatiously concluded their was no place like Belles Demoiselles. But the new mood touched him more than the old, and only refined his discontent. Here was a man, rich without the care of riches, free from any real trouble, happiness as native to his house as perfume to his garden, deliberately, as it were with premeditated malice, taking joy by the shoulder and bidding her be gone to town, whither he might easily have followed, only that the very same ancestral nonsense that kept Injin Charlie from from selling the old place for twice its value prevented him from choosing any other spot for a city home.

But by and by the charm of nature and the merry hearts around him prevailed; the fit of exalted minks passed off, and after a while the year flared up at Christmas, flickered, and went out.

New Year came and passed; the beautiful garden of Belles Demoiselles put on its spring attire; the seven fair sisters moved from rose to rose; the cloud of discontent had warmed into invisible vapour in the rich sunlight of family affection, and on the common memory the only scar of last year's wound was old Charlie's sheer impertinence in crossing the caprice of the De Charles. The cup of gladness seemed to fill with the filling of the river.

How high it was! its tremendous current rolled and tumbled and span along, hustling the long funeral flotillas of drift—and how near shore it came! Men were out day and night, watching

the levee. On windy nights even the old Colonel took part, and grew light-hearted with occupation and excitement, as every minute the river threw a white arm over the levee's top, as though it would vault over. But all held fast, and, as the summer drifted in, the water sunk down into its banks and looked quite incapable of harm.

On a summer afternoon of uncommon mildness, old Colonel Jean Albert Henri Joseph De Charleu Marot, being in a mood for reverie, slipped the custody of his feminine rulers and sought the crown of the levee, where it was his wont to promenade. Presently he sat upon a stone bench—a favorite seat. Before him lay his broadspread fields; near by, his lordly mansion; and being still—perhaps by female contact—somewhat sentimental, he fell to musing on his part. It was hardly worthy to be proud of. All its morning was reddened with mad frolic, and far toward the meridian it was marred with elegant rioting. Pride had kept him wellnigh useless, and despised the honors won by valor; gaining had dimmed prosperity; death had taken his heavenly wife; voluptuous ease had mortgaged his lands; and yet his house still stood, his sweet-smelling fields were still fruitful, his name was fame enough; and yonder and yonder, among the trees and flowers, like angels walking in Eden, were the seven goddesses of his only worship.

Just then a slight sound behind him brought him to his feet. He cast his eyes anxiously to the outer edge of the little strip of bank between the levee's base and the river. There was nothing visible. He paused, with his ear toward the water, his face full of frightened expectation. Ha! There came a single plashing sound, like some great boat slipping into the river, and little waves in a wide semi-circle came out from under the bank and spread over the water!

"My God!"

He plunged down the levee and bounded through the low weeds to the edge of the bank. It was sheer, and the water about four feet below. He did not stand quite on the edge, but fell upon his knees a couple of yards away, wringing his hands, moaning and weeping, and staring through his watery eyes at a fine, long crevice just discernible under the matted grass, and curving outward on either hand toward the river.

"My God!" he sobbed aloud; "my God!" and even while he called, his God answered. the tough Bermuda grass stretched and snapped, the crevice slowly became a gape, and softly, gradually, with no sound but the closing of the water at last, a ton or more of earth settled into the boiling eddy and disappeared.

At the same instant a pulse of the breeze brought from the garden, the joyous, thoughtless laughter of the fair mistresses of Belles Demoiselles.

The old Colonel sprang up and clambered over the levee. Then forcing himself to a more composed movement, he hastened into the house and ordered his horse.

"Tell my children to make merry while I am gone," he left word. "I shall be back to-night," and the horse's hoofs clattered down a by-road leading to the city.

"Charlie," said the planter, riding up to a window, from which the old man's night-cap was thrust out, "what you say, Charlie,—my house for yours, eh, Charlie—what you say?"

"Ello!" said Charlie; "from where you come from dis time of to-night?"

"I come from the exchange in St. Louis Street." (A small fraction of the truth).

"What you want?" said mater-of-fact Charlie.

"I come to trade."

The low-down relative drew the worsted off his ears. "Oh! yass," he said with an uncertain air.

"Well, old man Charlie, what you

say my house for yours,—like you said,—eh, Charlie,

"I dunno," said Charlie; "it's nearly mine now. Why you don't stay dere you'se'f!"

"Because I don't want!" said the Colonel savagely. "Is dat reason enough for you? You better take me notion, old man, I tell you,—yess!"

Charlie never winched; but how his answer delighted the Colonel! Quoted Charlie—

"I don't care—I take him!—mine, possession give right off."

"Not the whole plantation, Charlie only!"

"I don't care," said Charlie; "we easy can fix dat. Mais, what for you don't want to keep him? I don't want him. You better keep him."

"Don't you try to make no fool of me, old man," cried the planter,

"Oh, no!" said the other. "Oh, no! but you make a fool of yourself, ain't it?"

The dumfounded Colonel stared. Charlie went on—

"Yass! Belles Demoiselles is more wort' dan tree block like dis one. I pass by dere since two weeks. Oh, pritty Belles Demoiselles! De cane was wave in de wind, de garden smell like a bouquet, de whitecap was jump up and down on de river; seven belles demoiselles was ridin' on horses. 'Pritty pritty, pritty!' says old Charlie. Ah! Monsieur le pere, 'ow 'appy, 'appy, 'appy!"

"Yass!" he continued—the Colonel still staring—"le Compte De Charleu have two familie. One was low-down Choctaw, one was high up noblesse. He give the low-down Choctaw dis old rat-hole; he gave Belles Demoiselles to your grand'-fozzer; and now you don't be satisfait. What I'll do wid Belles Demoiselles? She 'll break me in two years, yass. And what you 'll do wid old Charlie's house, eh? You 'll tear her down and make you'se'f a blame old fool. I rather wouldn't trade!"

The planter caught a big breathful of anger, but Charlie went straight on—

"I rather wouldn't, mais I will do it for you—just the same, like Monsieur le Compte would say, 'Charlie, you old fool, I want to shauge houses wid you.'"

So long as the Colonel suspected irony he was angry, but as Charlie seemed, after all, to be certainly in earnest, he began to feel conscience-stricken. He was by no means a tender man, but his lately discovered misfortune had unhinged him, and this strange undeserved, disinterested family fealty on the part of Charlie touched his heart. And should he still try to lead him into the pit-fall he had dug? He hesitated—no, he would show him the place by broad daylight, and if he chose to overlook the "caving bank," it would be his own fault—a trader's trade.

"Come," said the planter, "come at my house to-night; to-morrow we look at the place before breakfast, and finish the trade."

"For what?" said Charlie.

"Oh, because I got to come in town in the morning."

"I don't want," said Charlie. "How I'm goin' to come dere?"

"I git you a horse at the liberty stable."

"Well—anyhow—I don't care—I'll go." And they went.

When they had ridden a long time, and were on the road darkened by hedges of Cherokee rose, the Colonel called behind him to the "low-down" scion—

"Keep the road, old man."

"Eh?"

"Keep the road."

"Oh, yes; all right; I keep my word; we don't goin' to pla, no tricks, eh?"

But the Colonel seemed not to hear. His ungenerous design was beginning to be hateful to him. No; only old Charlie's unprovoked goodness was

prevailing; the eulogy on Belles Demoiselles had stirred the depths of an intense love for his beautiful home. True, if held to it, the caving of the bank, at its present fearful speed, would let the house into the river within three months; but were it not better to lose it so, than sell his birthright? Again—coming back to the first thought—to betray his own blood! It was only Injin Charlie; but had not the De Charles blood just spoken out in him? Unconsciously he groaned.

After a time they struck a path approaching the plantation in the rear, and a little after, passing from behind a clump of live-oaks, they came in sight of the villa. It looked so like a gem, shining through its dark grove, so like a great glow-worm in the dense foliage, so significant of luxury and gaiety, that the poor master, from an over-flowing heart, groaned again.

"What?" asked Charlie.

The Colonel only drew his rein, and, dismounting mechanically, contemplated the sight before him. The high, arched doors and windows were thrown wide to the summer air; from every opening the bright light of numerous candelabra darted out upon the sparkling foliage of magnolia and bay, and here and there in the spacious verandas a coloured lantern swayed in the gentle breeze. A sound of revel fell on the ear, the music of harps; and across one window, brighter than the rest, flitted, once or twice, the shadows of dancers. But oh! the shadows flitting across the heart of the fair mansion's master!

"Old Charlie," said he gazing fondly at his house, "you and me is both old, eh?"

"Yass," said the stolid Charlie.

"And we has both been had enough in our time, eh, Ocharlie?"

Charlie, surprised at the tender tone, repeated, "Yass."

"And you and me is mighty close?"

"Blame close, yass."

"But you never know me to cheat, old man!"

"No,"—impassively.

"And do you think I would cheat you now?"

"I dunno," said Charlie. "I don't believe."

"Well, old man, old man,"—his voice began to quiver—"I shan't cheat you now. My God!—'ow'll I tell—you you better not make the trade!"

"Because for what?" asked Charlie in plain anger; but both looked quickly toward the house! The Colonel tossed his hands wildly in the air, rushed forward a step or two, and giving one fearful scream of agony and fright, fell forward on his face in the path. Old Charlie stood transfixed with horror. Belles Demoiselles, the realm of maiden beauty, the home of merriment, the house of dancing, all in the tremor and glow of pleasure, suddenly sank, with one short wild wail of terror—sank, sank, down, down, into the merciless, unfathomable flood of the Mississippi.

Twelve long months were midnight to the mind of the childless father; when they were only half gone, he took his bed; and every day, and every night, old Charlie, the "low-down," the "fool," watched him tenderly, tended him lovingly, for the sake of his name, his misfortune, and his broken heart. No woman's step crossed the floor of the sick-chamber, whose western dormer-windows overpeered the dingy architecture of old Charlie's block; Charlie and a skilled physician, the one all interest, the other all gentleness, hope, and patience—these only entered by the door; but by the window came in a sweet-scented evergreen vine, transplanted from the caving bank of Belles Demoiselles. It caught the rays of sunset in its flowery net and let them softly in upon the sick man's bed; gathered the glancing beams of the moon at midnight, and often awakened the sleeper to look, with his mindless eyes, upon their pretty silver fragments strewn upon the floor.

By and-by there seemed—there was—a twinkling dawn of returning reason. Slowly, peacefully, with an increase unseen from day to day, the light of reason came into the eyes, and speech became coherent; but withal there came a failing of the wrecked body, and the doctor said that monsieur was both better and worse.

One evening, as Charlie sat by the vine-clad window with his fireless pipe in his hand, the old Colonel's eyes fell full upon his own, and roared there.

"Ochar!—" he said with an effort and his delighted nurse hastened to the bed-side and bowed his best ear. There was an unsuccessful effort or two, and then he whispered, smiling with sweet sadness,—

"We didn't trade."

The truth, in this case, was a secondary matter to Charlie; the main point was to give a pleasing answer. So he nodded his head decidedly, as who should say—"Oh yes, we did, it was a bona fide swap!" but when he saw the smile vanish, he tried the other expedient and shook his head with still more vigour, to signify that they had not so much as approached a bargain; and the smile returned.

Charlie wanted to see the vine recognised. He stepped backward to the window with a broad smile, shook the foliage, nodded and looked smart.

"I know," said the Colonel, with beaming eyes,—"many weeks."

The next day—

"Ochar!—"

The best ear went down.

"Send for a priest."

The priest came, and was alone with him a whole afternoon. When he left, the patient was very haggard and exhausted, but smiled and would not suffer the crucifix to be removed from his breast.

One more morning came. Just before dawn Charlie, lying on a pallet in the room, thought he was called, and came to the bedside.

"O'd man," whispered the failing invalid, "is it caving yet?"

Charlie nodded.

"It won't pay you out."

"Oh, dat makes not'ing," said Charlie. Two big tears rolled down his brown face. "Dat makes not'in."

The Colonel whispered once more—"Mea belles demoiselles!—in paradise;—in the garden—I shall be with them at sunrise;" and so it was.

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	Clock.	DEK.
	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East.....	7.30	7.45
O. and Q. Railway.....	7.45	8.00
G. T. R. West.....	7.30	8.25
N. and N. W.....	7.30	8.30
T. G. and B.....	7.00	8.30
Midland.....	7.00	8.35
C. V. R.....	7.00	8.50
	a.m.	p.m.
G. W. R.....	6.30	8.00
	noon	8.35
	2.00	7.50
	6.30	8.00
	9.30	8.30
U. S. N. Y.....	6.30	12.00
	4.00	12.35
	9.30	10.50
U.S. West'n States	6.30	12.00
	9.30	8.35
	9.30	8.30

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 9.30 p.m., and on Tuesdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close occasionally on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for the month of March: 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 14, 15, 16, 18, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, 29, 30.

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HISTORY AND HUMOR.

Asphodel as "The Rambler" Knew It.

A GOOD WORD FOR A BAD MEAL.

"How did you like your beefsteak, sir?" This was a question which was put to me by the proprietor of a wayside caravansery, where I had stopped for dinner, during a hurried trip which I recently made through a portion of the County of Northumberland. I was not in a conversational mood at the time. The whole framework of my system was fearfully shaken up, from tugging and pulling at the lump labelled "beefsteak," which he placed before me, and the question was one which, not unnaturally, provoked me to the very verge of madness; yet instead of falling upon him and rending him on the spot, as I should have done, I heaped coals of fire on his head by the following mild reply: "My dear sir, from early youth, I was taught to pay due homage to old age and fittingly venerate the landmarks of the past. Your beefsteak was not without its merits. It was unique in its unyielding tenacity, and it stands solitary in its durability. Everything else may perish, but that beefsteak of yours is destined to live on to the end of time. The poor, whom we are told are always with us, may pass away, or else become rich, but your beefsteak is imperishable; and as I have been unable to bite it in front with any degree of advantage to myself and of credit to you, I am not prepared to backbite it now." Those were the tender terms in which my answer to that tavern-keeper's question were couched—terms which, doubtless, the editor of the Catholic Register will consider tough for an introduction to another brief chapter of my

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

Leaving Tweed in the County of Hastings, the traveller, westward, bound on the C.P.R., passes a few insignificant railway stations, one of them being at a point where the "Central Ontario"—a line of railway which has its terminus at Picton, and its northern at Coe Hill—is intersected, before reaching Havelock. This is a railway town pure and simple, its state being unknown until the construction of the second important link binding Toronto with Montreal; but as there is scarcely any land fit for settlement around it, and as it lives and thrives on the breath of Sir Wm. Van Horne—being a divisional point—one can readily understand how precarious is its tenure.

Six miles west of Havelock, the lively village of Norwood is reached. Norwood is situated in the township of Asphodel and County of Peterborough, and, next to the flourishing city of Peterborough is, in regard of wealth and population, the most important point in that fine county. My acquaintance with Norwood dates from the month of May 1865, now nearly thirty years, a pretty long span, the reader will say in the life of man, and although far removed from railway communication it was then a bustling "backwoods" village possessing several stores and hotels, one of latter being owned and managed by Mr. Michael Mullins, a venerable octogenarian, who is now calmly passing the evening of his days in the village, with the growth and prosperity of which he has been intimately identified. A little over a mile west of Norwood stood then, and perhaps it stand still there, a venerable looking frame building within which the Catholics of Asphodel assisted for many years at the solemn ceremonies of the

mass. This was attended by the Rev. John Quirk, then as now, the faithful "Soggarth Aroon" of Hastings. There was also a burying-ground adjacent to this primitive frame building, which I am informed is still used. Here, it is needless to observe, repose the ashes of much that is precious in the memory of the Catholics of Asphodel. I must add also that there was a school house within the shadow of the old Church already alluded to, and as it has a history of which it need not be ashamed, I will be pardoned if I incorporate it with my "Reminiscences." Several young men who have subsequently made their mark, have for a time ruled within the old log-building familiarly known as the "Asphodel School House." It was here I first made the acquaintance of the late Dr. John O'Sullivan, an eminent practitioner, who passed away some years ago in the town of Peterborough, widely and sincerely lamented, not less for his transcendent professional talents, than for the beauty of his private character. The late D. A. O'Sullivan Q.C. of Toronto, also taught this school, and left on the whole section the impress of his fine moral character, as did also the late Dr. O'Shea, Dr. J. B. Murphy now Superintendent of the Brockville Lunatic Asylum, Mr. Finn of Belleville and others whose names I regret to say, I cannot now recall, all of whom contributed to the creation of that belief which became a part of the people's creed viz.: that the Asphodel School House was only a factory for turning out clever young men and highly cultured girls.

As far back as 1825 immigration on a somewhat extended scale set in towards this section of what is known as "Upper Canada." This was what was called the "Robinson Immigration" and was initiated and successfully carried out by the Hon. Peter Robinson, from whom the now flourishing city of Peterborough derives its name. The Robinson Immigration recruited from the South of Ireland chiefly, if not altogether from the populous counties of Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary. Reaching Canada they settled in the Township of Asphodel, Douro, Ennismore and Ottonabee in the County of Peterborough, and those of Emily and Opps, in the County of Victoria. Most of this fine generation of Irishmen have passed to their reward, but their descendants can be met with in large numbers throughout those sections designated, and many of them I rejoice to say, are leading lives alike honorable and useful.

Around the Village of Norwood, particularly to the east, many of those worthy men settled. I recall a few of the names just now and regret in advance that a defective memory does not permit me to give the entire number. There was that fine type of manhood, Timothy Murphy, father of Dr. J. B. Murphy of Brockville, already alluded to, Charles McCarthy and two sons, James and William. Mr. McCarthy died many years ago, and his son William passed over to the silent majority about ten years since. James still lives on the old homestead, but is I am sorry to say in feeble health. Richard Goughlin, lately deceased, Richard Walsh and Martin Lynch also dead, the Crowleys, Heffernans, Fitzpatrick's Dohertys, Dwyers, English, Landri-gans and O'Keefes. But I must stop here. The mail for the west is about to close and with all imperfections, I must send you this effusion. I will however return to the subject next week. Rambler.

The showy lives its little hour; the true to after-times bears raptures ever new.—Goethe.

One day at a time! It's not a wholesome rhyme, a good one to live by, a day at a time.—H. H. Jackson.

Who lives to Nature rarely can be poor; who live to fancy never can be rich.—Edward Young.

We are ashamed at the sight of a monkey—somehow as we are shy of poor relations.—Charles Lamb.

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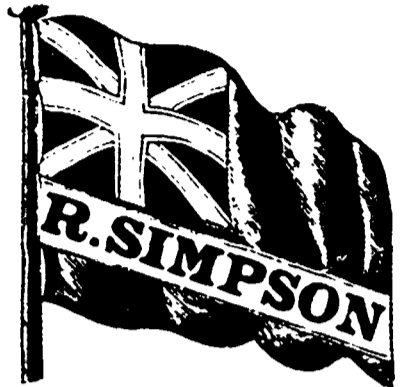
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POPE AND THE JEWS.

The Latter Always Protected by the Former.

THE ACTION OF LEO XIII.

A dispatch of March 8rd, from Rome, says:

"It is reported that the Pope is preparing an encyclical letter denouncing the anti-Semitic agitation in Europe."

An action of this kind by Pope Leo XIII. will be but in keeping with the general policy of his predecessors in the Papal Chair towards a sorely oppressed race.

Prejudice against the Jews has been strong throughout Europe from the dawn of its civilization, and irrespective of subsequent religious divisions among Christians.

Whether jealousy of the substantial results of the proverbial Jewish financial ability intensified religious prejudice; or whether any among the Jews were themselves in some sort blamable for the widespread popular aversion to their race, are questions not to be considered here.

Enough to say that the Jews found protection for their persons, their property and the practice of their religion in Rome wherever else it might be denied them.

It is true that, from time to time, certain restrictions were imposed upon them; as, for example, they were forbidden the public exercise of their avocations on Church holidays, as they are still forbidden them here in America on Sundays; they were obliged to live together in a certain quarter of the city; and to make some distinction in their dress sufficient to show that they were not Christians.

But at no time had they to suffer in their worldly possessions—to speak of nothing higher—as Irish Catholics, for instance, had to suffer under the rule of Protestant England. By a constitution of Pope Clement XI., it was provided that if a Jew became a Christian, he should not be deprived, therefore, of his share of his father's goods. But he might not disinherit his other brothers, as in the case of that infamous penal law, whereby the younger son of a Catholic landowner, becoming a Protestant, could take the whole estate and impoverish the rest of his family.

Moreover, Rome decided that it was lawful for Christian princes or protect the Jews and tolerate their religion.

In the reign of Pope Martin V., 1417-31, the physician of the Vatican was a Jew.

Pope Sixtus V. treated the Jews with great kindness on the plea that "they were the family from whom Christ came."

The last remnants of discrimination against the Jews were abolished by Pope Pius IX. It is told of him that no one occasion having passed a liberal alms in the hands of a poor old man, one of his attendants interposed, saying, "Your Holiness, he is a Jew."

Whereupon, Pope Pius IX. "My son, what does that matter? He is a man."

Recently, in the Lower Austrian Diet, a priest, Prof. Mullner, Rector of the University of Vienna, took up the defense of the Jews against the attack by an anti-Semitic deputy on the appointment of a Jew, Dr. Gustav Kohn, to a professorship of mathematics in the University.

Though a loyal son of the Church and for twenty years a priest, said Professor Mullner, he could still acknowledge the great debt science owes to the Jews. He contrasted what Dante and St. Thomas Aquinas wrote about Jewish scholars with the tone adopted by members of the Austrian

Diet. As to the standing of the University of Vienna, a reference to its scientific publications would show the important work done by Jewish professors. It had been found necessary to issue a new addition of a book from the pen of Jewish professor, because it was the only one that had discussed a special subject.

After praising Professors Nothnagel and Jacobi, and denouncing the tactics of the anti Semites, he concluded:

"I am Christian and a man. As a man I always stand at bay when my feelings are outraged. I care not for the applause of the multitude. But I have had my eyes opened to what goes on here. This will, however, not deter me from raising my voice in defence of any one who is unjustly attacked. You cannot expect that a Catholic priest can in everything take his cue from anti Semitism."

Cardinal Schoenborn has laid before the just and generous hearted Leo XIII., the evils of the anti-Semitic agitation in Austria; and there is no doubt that the powerful influence of the Father of the Faithful will be exerted to abate it.

MUCH LIKE A MIRACLE.

A STATEMENT FROM A WELL-KNOWN BERLIN MERCHANT.

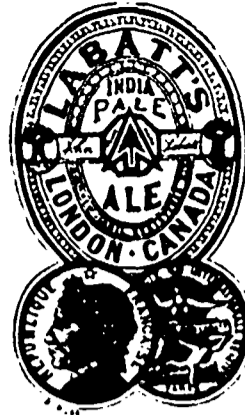
How His Daughter was Restored From the Terrors of St. Vitus Dance—Her Case One of the Worst Ever Known—Has Fully Recovered Her Health.

From the Berlin News.

The readers of the News have been made familiar with the virtue of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People through the articles appearing from time to time in these columns, and while the druggists say that many in this vicinity have received undoubted benefit from their timely use, it is only recently that we have heard of a cure in Berlin of such importance as to take rank among the most remarkable yet published. There is hardly a man or woman in the town of Berlin, or the county of Waterloo, who does not know Mr. Martin Simpson, issuer of marriage licenses and general merchant, King street. Anything said by Mr. Simpson will be implicitly relied upon. A day or two ago we had a talk with him in reference to his fourteen year old daughter Helen, who had for two years been a great sufferer from St. Vitus dance. He tells that it was the worst case he ever saw. She did not sleep for whole nights and was an intense sufferer. She was totally helpless and could neither eat nor drink unless administered to her by her parents. The best medical attendance was had, but all to no avail. She kept getting worse and worse, and finally, when in the paroxysms, commenced to froth at the mouth, and her parents believed she was going out of her mind. Though unable to walk for about eight months she would in her spells have fits, making her jump high above her couch. While in this condition, the worst case ever seen in this place, Mr. Simpson, as a last resort, purchased some Pink Pills and gave them to his suffering and afflicted daughter. He assures us that in thirty hours she found some relief. In a week the "dance" was entirely stopped and she was able to sleep, and was rapidly regaining her former strength. Some months after the use of the Pink Pills was discontinued she again had touches of disease, but a few doses of the pills stopped it, and for the last eight months has been entirely free from the terrible malady from which no one who knew the circumstances, expected she would recover. All are warm in their praises of the wonderful remedy which worked such great results. These facts are known to all who are acquainted with the family and further comments are wholly unnecessary.

When such strong tributes as these can be had to the wonderful merits of Pink Pills, it is little wonder that they are the favorite remedy with all classes. They are a unfailing specific for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc.

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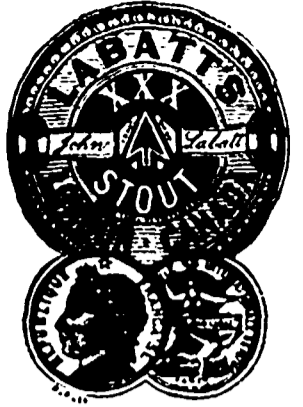


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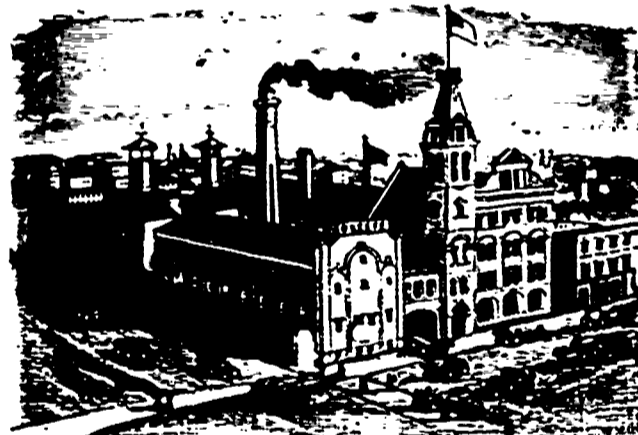
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W. O. MACDONALD, ACTUARY.

J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

IRISH NEWS SUMMARY.

LATEST LOCAL COUNTY ITEMS

LEINSTER.

Dublin.

Last year, the number of emigrants from Ireland was less than in any year since 1851. The total was 25,959, a large enough figure when we consider the circumstances of Ireland. It was 12,387 lower than in 1893. From the 1st of May 1851, to the 31st of December, 1895, 542,847 natives of Connaught, or 62.9 per cent left the country to settle in other lands. The emigration from Connaught was higher than from Munster or Leinster. The Irish county districts could ill afford to spare this draw upon their best blood; and it is satisfactory to note that there is a turn in the tide.

On March 6th, at the Capuchin Convent of Our Lady of Angels, Church street, Dublin, to which he had been attached for many years, a devoted son of the illustrious St. Francis passed to his reward in the person of the Rev. Father Alphonsus Muldoon. The deceased Capuchin was born at Fore, in Westmeath, in March, 1822, and made his preliminary studies at the Diocesan Seminary, Slrath, pursuing his theological studies at the College of St. Patrick, Maynooth, which he left in the year 1849, to join the Capuchin Order, during the period when the Very Rev. Theobald Mathew was Provincial. He was ordained priest in 1854, and in 1858 was appointed Commissary-General of the Irish Province.

Wicklow.

A movement, it is stated, is on foot to re-open the sulphur mines at Ballymurtagh, near Avoca, at present owned by Mr. Edward Breslin, of Bray. The Ballymurtagh mines were at one time the most flourishing in Ireland. Mr. T. J. Troy, of Arklow, and Mr. Breslin's agent, accompanied by two workmen, descended into the mines and succeeded in obtaining samples for the purpose of analysis from the "Great Northern"—a vein of ore supposed to be over one hundred feet thick.

The Committee of Selection of the house of Commons have appointed the following members to consider the Bray Township Improvement Bill, among other bills: Sir James Kitson (chairman), Viscount Cranborne, Mr. Wroughton, and Mr. S. Howard Whitbread. The Committee will meet for the purpose of taking evidence, but the Bray Bill will not be considered at the first sitting.

Carlow.

On Sunday, February 24th, Mr. John Nehoe, of Ardoyne, Tullow, passed away after a brief illness, his death being due to apoplexy, induced by failure of the heart's action. Deceased was closing his 81st year.

Kildare.

At the monthly meeting of the Newbridge Town Commissioners, on March 4th, it was proposed by Mr. Thomas Farrell, T. C., seconded by Mr. John Donnelly Leahy, and unanimously adopted: "That we call upon the Chief Secretary to give effect to the resolutions recently passed by the Commissioners of National Education, Ireland, with the least possible delay, and by so doing remove the great obstacle of the carrying out of the provisions of the Irish Education Act."

Kilkenny.

On March 2nd the city of Kilkenny was shocked by the news that a terrible accident had occurred on the Lacken, by which two laborers had met their death, and four others had been seriously injured. Under the recently started "Relief Works," a number of men had been employed by the City Corporation in drainage work on the Lacken walk, under the supervision of Sub Sanitary Officer Delaney and a man named Donnell. It was part of their work to make a drain at the foot of a wall seven feet high. The unfortunate men were working away industriously when, without warning, the wall over their heads gave way, and dashed six of them to the ground, crushing one man (Philip Conboy) into eternity. Another man, John Larkin, lived but a few minutes and then expired from the injuries he had received.

Wexford.

At the last meeting of the New Ross Board of Guardians, a resolution condemnatory of the action of the Norwich Insurance Company in purchasing the holdings of the Conlan estate over the heads of the tenants was passed unanimously.

We regret to announce the death, on February 28th, at 64 Main street, Gorey, after a long and tedious illness, of Miss Annie Teahan Redmond, aged 23 years, eldest daughter of the late James Redmond, and grand-daughter of the late Timothy Teahan, of the Railway Hotel. Miss Redmond was a member of the choir of St. Michael's Confraternity, all the members of which followed her remains to the grave at the New Cemetery.

Longford.

At the last Longford petty sessions, several persons, who were persecuted by the Poor

Law Guardians, were fined by the magistrates for failing to have their children vaccinated within the prescribed time.

On March 8th, the remains of the late Terence McQuade were interred in Aughnagar burying ground. The deceased had attained the remarkable age of 100 years. Although confined to his bed for a year before his death, he had retained possession of all his mental qualities almost to the last.

Louth.

At a large and influential meeting of the Drogheda National Federation, on March 6th, Mr. Richard Nulty presiding. Mr. Patrick McQuaid said on that day he had a conversation with Mr. John Drumgoole, who was delighted to find that the people of Drogheda were standing loyally by the evicted tenants of the Massareneu estate.

MUNSTER.

Cork.

At the last Ballincollig Petty Sessions, three young men named Timothy Neill, Terence Radley, and John Walsh were fined 40s each for having used a net for the purpose of taking salmon or trout, in the River Lee, at Great Island, Ballincollig, on the 1st February last.

On March 5th, a horse and car fell over a cliff at Canadian Fort, Crosshaven. The horse was killed instantly, and the car much damaged. The Driver escaped uninjured.

In the Inter-County Gaelic championship matches, playing at Charleville, on March 3d, Cork won in both hurling and football from their opponents—Tipperary.

The death is announced of Mr. Owen O'Ryan, Professor of modern languages in Queen's College, Cork.

Kerry.

The marriage arranged between Mr. Archibald Hay Cameron, eldest son of the late Col. Eugene Hay Cameron, R.A., and Gertrude, daughter of Mr. George Browne, of Cahirdown, county Kerry, has been fixed to take place on the 18th of April.

The Franciscan Fathers, Kilkenny, give bread to more than fifty poor families every day, at their door, although they had a large community depending entirely on the free offerings of their benefactors, and without any collection in their church or otherwise.

Limerick.

The patriotic pastor of Murroe, Rev. M. Ryan, P. P., V. F., has actively interested himself in arranging for a collection for the Parliamentary Fund, which was taken up at Murroe and Boher, on St. Patrick's Day. The Committee of the Carrigallan Branch of the Irish National Federation likewise selected the National anniversary for the collection.

A long letter was read from Lord Clarina, at the meeting of the Limerick Rural Sanitary Board, on March 2d, in the course of which his lordship stated that he will never again employ a laborer residing in a laborer's cottage, and that he objected to have them independent of him.

Clare.

Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond, Bishop of Killaloe, has made the following promotions and appointments in his diocese:—Rev. D. Sheehan, P. P., Clonlara, to be P. P., Kilkree; Rev. J. Scanlan, C. C., Kiltrush, to be P. P., Clonlara; Rev. P. Hogan, C. C., Toomevara, to be C. C., Kiltrush; Rev. J. Hart, C. C., Crusheen, to be C. C., Kilmaley; Rev. Joseph O'Meara, Maynooth College, to be C. C., Crusheen; Rev. M. Scanlan, C. C., Newmarket-on-Fergus, to be C. C., Kiltrush; Rev. M. Conshine, Maynooth College, to be C. C., Newmarket-on-Fergus.

Bridget Lillis died at Kildyart, on Sunday, March 3d, of influenza. She had reached the advanced age of 105 years, and was in possession of good health and all her faculties up to the time of her last illness.

Tipperary.

An awful discovery was made on Sunday morning March 3d, on the Great Southern and Western Railway, about one mile and a half north of Limerick Junction. The body of a female, aged about thirty-five or forty, was found on the line, by a signalman named Maloney in a terribly mangled state, and was subsequently identified as that of an unmarried woman named Alice O'Neil, from a place called Longanahue, in the vicinity of Cappawhite. A very painful incident in connection with the unfortunate occurrence was the fact that when the fragments of the deceased were brought on to the platform at the Limerick Junction, among those awaiting the arrival of the Dublin train was the brother of the deceased, who disclaimed the awful tragedy with other men, and even viewed the body. It was so horribly mutilated that he did not even suspect that it was his sister who was the victim of the appalling disaster.

Waterford.

A terrible occurrence is reported from Cappoquin. On the evening of March 5th, Company Sergeant Major Corcoran, of the Royal Artillery while out walking with his wife and child cut the throat of the former with a razor, inflicting injuries from which it is not expected she can recover. Corcoran had been staying in Cappoquin for some weeks, recruiting for his regiment; and reports having reached his wife, who was staying at their quarters in Waterford, of his being

given to intemperate habits, she traveled to Cappoquin, where she saw her husband, with their child, a little girl of about six or seven years, and accompanied him, at his request for a walk along one of the roads outside the town. While on the road, the husband is alleged to have had a quarrel with his wife, which terminated in his cutting her throat with a razor. The woman was attended by Dr. O'Connell Redmond, as soon as news of the occurrence reached the town, and the husband was arrested and removed to Waterford prison, on remand.

ULSTER.

Antrim.

The Most Rev. Dr. McAlister, Catholic Bishop of Down and Connor, is dead.

Margaret McVeigh, who was buried on March 5th, at Ballykinkar, near Downpatrick, was born in June, 1780, and was therefore 115 years old. She remembered the battle of Ballynahinch well, and often told her neighbors about the dead and wounded carried off the field of battle.

The Postmaster of Belfast, Mr. H. J. Shepherd, has resigned his post owing to the state of his health. He will retire on pension.

Armagh.

Mr. John Hosey, Portadown, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace. The appointment is very popular with all sections of the community in Portadown and neighborhood.

On February 28th, as Richard McCrossan, Tibean, near Baronscourt, was working in a quarry, the scaffold gave way, breaking one of his legs and otherwise injuring him. He was extricated and immediately brought in an ambulance to the Tyrone Infirmary, where he died in two hours after his admission from the shock sustained.

Tyrone.

On March 4th, his Eminence Cardinal Logue arrived at Coalisland railway station, accompanied by the Rev. Monsignor Byrne, P. P., V. G., Dungannon, and the Very Rev. Canon Rice, P. P., V. F., Cookstown. He was met at the railway station by the Rev. John Rock, P. P., and Rev. P. Brennan, C. C., Clonoe. His Eminence drove to the townland of Meenagh, and laid out a site for a parish church and parochial house on the lands of the Messrs. McNulty, Annesly Lodge, Coalisland. He then drove to King's Island, and examined the new Catholic Church which has been erected there. The new bell tolled for the first time in honor of his Eminence who afterward visited King's Island, Aughamullen, and Annaghmore schools.

Down.

James Kennedy, a farm employee on Lord Dufferin's estate at Clandeboye, met with a terrible death on March 5th. The trunk of a large tree, weighing over a ton, was being hoisted into a wagon, when it rolled upon him, smashing every bone in his body.

Berry.

On February 27th, at Moneysallan, near Kiltrea, as Bartholomew J. Kane, aged nineteen years was working in his father's mill at a scutching machine, he removed the guard before the machine, and in feeding it his arm was caught and very extensive lacerations were received, causing his death.

Cavan.

On February 23d, an old man named McDermot, over 70 years of age, lost his life at Cavan in a very sad manner. The old man was bed-ridden for the last two years. An only daughter resided with him, and while she was in the town the house took fire. A neighbor named Lee, living a few hundred yards away, noticed the flames, and, knowing the old man was alone, ran up and hurst in the door, but the smoke and flames drove him back. He then procured the assistance of others, and they got him out through the window, but life was extinct.

Fermanagh.

Recently, while some of the scholars of Tyreghan National School were out skating on an adjacent pond, the ice gave way and a girl named Catherine Hackett fell into about eight feet of water. Mr. Daniel Hayes, the schoolmaster, hearing the cries of the scholars, ran to the spot, and seeing the dangerous position of the girl, jumped in and with great difficulty rescued her.

Monaghan.

By a boating accident which occurred at Perth, Western Australia, on March 3d, four gentlemen, well known in mining circles, Messrs. Darlot, Driffield, Harding, and Fox, were drowned. Mr. Florence O'Driscoll, M. P., for South Monaghan, who was a member of the party, had a narrow escape. He saved himself by swimming a mile and a half.

Downpatrick.

John Kelly, Trimfin, married, a farmer and sheep dealer, about forty years of age, who had attended Falcarragh Fair, was, on March 5th, found dead on the road within a hundred yards of his residence. The death is considered mysterious, as Kelly was found some distance beyond the lane leading to his residence, and with a dangerous cut on his skull.

CONNAUGHT.

Galway.

The Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, Bishop of Galway and Kilmacduagh, has forwarded £10 to the Editor of the Freeman for the Parliamentary Fund.



Dr. H. F. Merrill.

No Other Medicine
SO THOROUGH AS

Sarsaparilla
AYER'S Parilla

Statement of a Well Known Doctor

"No other blood medicine that I have ever used, and I have tried them all, so thorough in its action, and effects a permanent cure as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Dr. H. F. MERRILL, Augusta, Me.

The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills for liver and bowels.

Steps are being taken to urge on the Government to construct a new line of railway from Tuam to Lunmore, Glenamaddy, and Castlerea, in order to open up a thickly populated portion of the country and give employment to the people.

Mayo.

Father P. Sheridan, P. P., Mayo Abbey, passed peacefully away at his residence on March 6. A member of a respectable Westport family, and uncle to the Rev. John McGreal, P. P., Turloughmore, Father Sheridan was loved and revered by all who knew him for his gentle, saintly ways, and his kindness of heart.

A little girl named Mary Finnegan was drowned near Ballyvaunis on March 1, while sliding with some of her companions returning from school. The other children did not give any information for two days when the dead body was found in four feet of water.

Leitrim.

An inquest was held in Carrick-on-Shannon on March 6th, upon the body of Mr. Robert Keenan, merchant, who committed suicide. The jury found that the deceased committed suicide while temporarily insane, and expressed their deep sympathy with the family of the deceased.

Roscommon.

On February 28th, the Lord Chancellor refused an application from the tenants of the Roscommon estate of the late Colonel King-Harman for a general reduction in their present rents.

Miss Bridget Carney, Charlestown, died at her residence on March 5th. Miss Carney was the niece of Mr. John Doherty, Temple, Charlestown, and her early demise was greatly regretted, as was shown by the immense funeral to the family burial place.

Sligo.

On February 28th, Mr. Thomas Scanlan, of the Liverpool Catholic Herald, was made the recipient of a farewell address from his friends and colleagues of the Catholic Press Company, on the occasion of his retiring from the staff. Mr. Scanlan, who is a Sligo man, has been in the service of the company for three years, and is now about entering the legal profession.

Dr. Wright, author of "Man and the Glacial Period," says that man has not been on the earth more than 8,000 years.

R. S. Crowe, Esq., Pleasant Street, Truro, N. S. writes: It is with pleasure I testify to the great merits of K. D. C. which is undoubtedly worthy of the name, "The King of Cures." I have been troubled for over a year with acidity and flatulency and heartburn, and now after using but three packages of K. D. C., I am happy to state that I am completely free from these troubles. A cured man.

Free sample mailed to any address, K. D. C. Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Lady John Scott, who gave "Annie Laurie" to the musical world, still devotes her time to relieving the troubles of veterans of the Crimean war.

MANUFACTURERS' LIFE

Eighth Annual Meeting of a Successful Company.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

The eighth annual meeting of the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company was held at the company's head office here on Thursday last. Among those present were Messrs. George Gooderham President; Wm. Bell, President of the Traders' Bank; Robert Archer, Montreal; Ald. J. D. Rolland, Montreal; A. E. Gooderham, T. G. Blackstock, C. D. Warren, Robt. Crean, R. L. Patterson, Dr. Strathy, E. J. Lennox, H. Lowndes, Toronto; R. Torrance, Guelph; Prof. Mills, Guelph; W. H. Storey, Acton; Geo. J. Horkins, Peterboro'; H. A. B. Calvert, Guelph; W. J. Milliken, barrister, Galt; Ph. de Gruchy, J. K. McCutcheon, Sherman E. Townsend, Toronto, and others. The President, Mr. George Gooderham, was elected Chairman, and the Managing Director, Mr. John F. Ellis, acted as Secretary. The following report was submitted:—

The directors have much pleasure in meeting the stockholders and policyholders of the company and submitting to them a statement of its affairs for the year ending 31st December, 1894

The applications for new business for the year amounted to \$2,955,507, of which \$2,695,755 were accepted and policies issued, showing a handsome increase over 1893.

The cash income from premiums and interest amounted to \$306,715 63, being an increase over the previous year of \$10,375 41.

The total assets of the company now amount to \$821,320 88, showing an increase for the year of \$127,592 25. Of this increase \$135,339 has been added to the reserve fund for the protection of policyholders, which now amounts to \$928,429.

These large increases in every branch of the company's business during a year of financial depression is most gratifying.

The company's surplus over all liabilities is equal to 40 per cent. of the paid up capital. This guarantees to policyholders and stockholders a handsome dividend on their investment.

The statement submitted herewith shows plainly the position of the company, the nature of its assets and its financial standing.

The auditors have made a careful monthly audit of the company's affairs, and at the close of the year examined each security held by the company, the same being further verified by the Audit Committee of the board.

The directors have much pleasure in acknowledging the energy displayed by the company's agents throughout the country and the success that has attended their efforts as shown by the large amount of new business secured in the face of keen competition and stagnation in every line of business.

The directors desire also to recognize the valuable assistance the company has received from the advice and counsel of their consulting actuary, D. Parks Fackler, Esq., of New York.

All the directors retire, but are eligible for re election.

Summary of the financial statement and balance sheet for the year ending December 31, 1894:—

Cash income \$306,715 63; expenditure (including death claims and all payments to policyholders), (\$169,046 25; assets, \$821,320 88; reserve fund, \$628,429; surplus for policyholders, \$177,789 72.

Mr. Gooderham, in moving the adoption of the report said:—

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in moving the adoption of the report you have just heard read. In doing so I beg leave to call your attention to a few facts in connection with the progress of the company. We will go back a few years in the company's history and see what has been accomplished. For five years the company has been under its present management. Five years ago in addressing you I pointed out what had been done in order to place the company in that strong financial position that was necessary to enable it to successfully compete with its rivals in the insurance field. To do this several of the directors gave the company \$100,000, trusting to the stockholders, as the company improved its position, to return to them this money. I am glad to inform you to-day that with the exception of a very few shares this has been done; that is, a large proportion of the stockholders have voluntarily contributed their share in proportion to the stock held by them to return this money to those who gave it to the company. At that time our income including premium and interest, only amounted to about \$150,000 for the year. Last year it amounted to over \$300,000. Its assets did not then amount to \$300,000; now they are over \$800,000. The reserve on account of policyholders then amounted to \$160,000; now it amounts to over \$640,000. Then there was no surplus out of which to pay

dividends to either stockholders or policyholders. Now we have over \$50,000 of a surplus, over and above all liabilities, including capital stock. This guarantees not only to the stockholders but to the policyholders good dividends on their investments.

And what is more satisfactory is that there has been no large increase in expenditure. On account of the very careful and conservative selection of risks, and although the amount of the business in force has very largely increased, and the policies have increased in age, yet with the exception of one year, the death rate has diminished instead of increased. The total death rate for 1893 being \$61,000, while for 1894 it amounted to only \$14,000. These facts, I am sure, convince you that the company is being carefully managed. This conservative policy we intend to pursue in future, being very particular to secure first-class business at the very lowest possible cost. I am glad to hear from our representatives scattered throughout the Dominion that the confidence of the insuring public in The Manufacturers' is now well established, in fact, the only objection as to the stability of the company now raised by rival agents is that, according to the blue book, the \$100,000 item is not yet paid off. I am glad to inform you that this will disappear from the 1895 edition, as over 95 per cent. of the stockholders have voluntarily contributed their share of the amount.

In regard to dividend, this has received the very careful consideration of the directors and I am glad to inform you that they have declared a dividend of 4 per cent. for the half year, payable on July 1 next, which is at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, and which the company can well afford to pay.

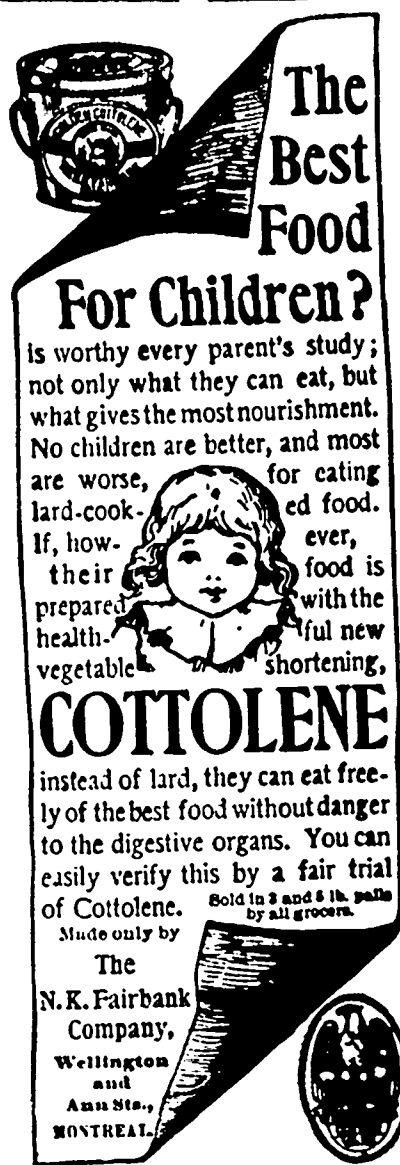
With these few remarks I have much pleasure in moving the adoption of the report.

Mr. Wm. Bell, Vice-President, in seconding the adoption of the report, said:—In addition to what our esteemed President has already stated, I would like to add that every member of the Executive has given the company during the past year more than ordinary attention. On account of the large increase in assets there is a corresponding increase in the number and amount of the investments. The greater portion of this money being for the security of policyholders is a sacred trust, which the directors are very anxious shall be invested to the best advantage, consistent with security. In these days of great depression in all classes of securities, more than ordinary care and judgment are required in the matter of investments, and I am glad to say that they are in a most satisfactory condition, and that the rate of interest earned on the same compares very favorably with that of any of our competitors, although some of them have large amounts that have been invested for years at very high rate of interest, much higher than can now be obtained. I have had the pleasure of being at nearly all the meetings of the board during the year, and can cheerfully bear testimony to the anxiety manifested by every officer of the company in forwarding its interests.

I have much pleasure in seconding the adoption of this report.

Prof. Mills, Guelph, in support of the motion, spoke as follows:—I am especially gratified at one thing in your report, that is the fact that the shareholders have nearly all now united in assuming their share of the liability for \$100,000 which a few of you were so good as to place at the disposal of the company to put it in a proper financial position a few years ago. The fact that a number of the shareholders held back for a length of time was to me a source of annoyance, because it seemed to complicate things and make the future of the company doubtful. It was certainly a handsome thing on the part of the few who could afford it, the President of the company especially, and one or two others associated with him, to advance the money that was so required. I must admit that I rather severely criticized the action that made us responsible for the loss that was unfortunately incurred, but I am glad to know now that more than 98 per cent. of the stockholders have voluntarily contributed their share of the amount. Now, I for one should not care when I went into a company if I lost all I put in if all came in on the same footing. Under the present careful management I feel that the company has a brilliant future and that the prospects are much brighter at this time than they have been in the past. I think that all along the policyholders have been perfectly safe; everything has been quite satisfactory as far as they are concerned, while it may not have been so pleasant for the stockholders. But from the very outset I have had the utmost confidence in the Managing Director of the company as a safe and economical man. In any undertaking everything depends on the management. No matter how shrewd the shareholder may be or directors may be we must rely in a very large measure upon our Executive. The Executive, particularly in an insurance company, has a great deal of work for little or no remuneration, and a great deal of responsibility devolves on them. I congratulate the company on the report that has been submitted. It is an excellent showing.

Mr. W. H. Storey of Acton and others spoke in the same complimentary strain. The motion was then carried unanimously.



The Best Food For Children?

is worthy every parent's study; not only what they can eat, but what gives the most nourishment. No children are better, and most are worse, for eating lard-cooked food. If, however, their food is prepared with the healthful new vegetable shortening, **COTTOLENE** instead of lard, they can eat freely of the best food without danger to the digestive organs. You can easily verify this by a fair trial of Cottolene. Sold in 2 and 6 lb. tins by all grocers.

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A vote of thanks to the medical directors was proposed by Mr. T. G. Blackstock and seconded by Mr. E. J. Lennox, to which Dr. Strathy suitably replied.

Ald. J. D. Rolland is moving a vote of thanks to the agents expressed his pleasure at the result of their efforts in furthering the interests of the company, and remarked that in such a year of general stagnation in business it was greatly to their credit that they were enabled to secure more business than in 1893. This was seconded by Mr. E. J. Lennox and unanimously carried.

Messrs. Sherman E. Townsend and H. S. Stephens were appointed Auditors for the ensuing year, and the following gentlemen were appointed directors:—Geo. Gooderham, Wm. Bell, S. F. McKinnon, T. C. Blackstock, E. J. Lennox; R. R. McLennan, M.P. for Glengarry; A. F. Gault, R. L. Patterson, Fred. Nicholls, Robt. Archer, D. D. Mann, John F. Ellis, W. H. Storey, J. W. Mills, Robt. Crean, A. E. Gooderham, C. D. Warren; Hon. Treo. Davie, Chief Justice of British Columbia; Hon. J. A. Ouimet, Samuel May, Henry Lowndes and Ald. J. D. Rolland, Montreal.

At the close of the shareholders' meeting the directors reassembled, when Mr. Geo. Gooderham was elected President, and Messrs. Wm. Bell and S. F. McKinnon Vice Presidents, for the year. Messrs. Robt. Archer, A. F. Gault, Hon. J. A. Ouimet, R. R. McLennan, M.P., Ald. J. D. Rolland and W. Strachan were appointed a local board for the Province of Quebec, Chairman, Mr. Robt. Archer.

The rapidity with which croup develops calls for instant treatment; and yet few households are prepared for its visit. An admirable remedy for this disease is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It has saved hundreds of lives and should be in every home where there are young children.

It is a curious coincidence that Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Randolph Churchill should leave personality to the same amount. Lord Randolph left \$375,000 and Beaconsfield only a few dollars more.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of the vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also, being the principal cause of Headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

It is said that Bishop Huntington used to prepare his sermons by sitting down in the empty church and fancying the usual congregation before him. As the sermon grew in that imaginary presence, it got into it something for everybody.

TO LEASE FOR SEASON
—OR—
TERM OF YEARS

That magnificent Hotel at St. Leon Springs. Most attractive Summer Resort in Canada, elegantly furnished throughout, accommodation for 300 guests, source of the world renowned

ST. LEON WATER,
so noted for its miraculous cure of disease, exquisite scenery, most desirable class of patron, last years applications exceeding accommodation.
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TORONTO, ONT.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

In the matter of the Estate of the late Very Reverend Edward Cassidy, Dean of Toronto, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. 87 cap. 110 and amending Acts, that all persons having claims against the estate of the above named deceased, who died on or about the 3rd day of March 1895, at Toronto, are required to deliver or send by post pre paid to the undersigned, solicitors for the Reverend John M. Cruise and James W. Mallon, his executors, a statement in writing containing their names, addresses and full particulars of their claims, and the nature of the securities if any held by them, duly verified by Statutory declaration, on or before the first day of May 1895, after which date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice, and they will not be liable for any claim of which they shall not then have had notice as aforesaid.

Dated at Toronto, this 14th day of March 1895.
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A New Typewriting Machine.

Father Colendoli, a Sicilian and a member of the Dominican order has invented a type setting machine that will compose 50,000 letters an hour, a task equal to the labor of thirty-six compositors. The difference in speed, as compared with existing machines, lies in the fact that, instead of each letter being made to fall separately into the composing stick, entire words can be composed in an instant by the simultaneous application of the fingers of both hands.

The machine is a kind of harp, whose cords are replaced by metallic tubes adhering to each others in four series. The first one includes thirty-one tubes, the other thirty-three each, every one containing in the average 150 letters. All these tubes communicate through an ingenious electrical device with a keyboard, or rather checker board, divided in twenty-one small squares covered with electrical knobs three for capital letters, fifteen for ordinary letters and the three others for figures and vowels provided with accents form a horizontal line on the lowest part of the checkerboard and are operated with a pedal.

Each letter is printed on the little knobs and to avoid useless motions of the arms the squares are repeated three by three. In those squares the consonants are arranged in a very ingenious way, which permits to compose most of the syllables with a single finger in touching two kinds at the same time as be, bi, bo, bu, etc.

Practically a skilful operator plays the part of a pianist, who, by the use of his ten fingers is able to strike 50,000 notes an hour; letters replace the notes in the type-setting scheme.

An electric current is produced at the precise time the compositor raises his finger from the knobs, and instantaneously the letters drop from the tubes on the inclined wire, which is placed in full sight of the operator on the right side of the checkerboard.

The machine invented by the Dominican corrects many defects and the results of the discovery will prove simply marvelous. It means complete revolution in printing for the following causes: Lightning speed of composing exceeding the rapidity of speech, no use less material, no typesetters, suppression of distributing the types, a special machine supplying new stereotypes ready for filling the tubes: no forms to be stereotyped, as the revolving process can be operated as well by curved types, which the machine can drop as easily as horizontal types; furthermore, and this is the most important point, the same machine with the adjunction of duplicate or triplicated tubes, can set the same matter simultaneously two or three times. But this is not all. There is no reason why the keyboard should not be separated from the machine, whose tubes are put in operation by an electric motor in such a way that the editor instead of writing his articles, can discard the pen, and from his private office set up his own "stuff" with the necessary corrections and do without the services of the type setter.

As incredible as the thing may be looked upon, the most important part of the printing art—that is, the composing room—is fatally condemned to disappear.

Father Colendoli, whose name will be known to the whole literary world in a few months, is a very unassuming man, small in stature, about 55 years old, with shrewd eyes. He does not impress the visitor at first sight.

Lord Brassey will leave England for Melbourne, Australia, in July. Although his famous yacht Sunbeam is very fast, it will take two months and a half to make the voyage.

"Up to two years ago I was a terrible sufferer from Dyspepsia and Indigestion. I was recommended to try St. Leon Water by an eminent doctor who drinks it regularly himself, and am glad to say it has completely relieved me of my trouble. I drink the water every morning, and in so doing it keeps my system regular and my health in first-class condition." DAVID D. DANN, 79 Cumberland street, Toronto, Ont.

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